The Outlook

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The Outlook

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THE latest argument for the annexation of Hawaii appears to us to be distinctly an argument against such annexation. This is, in brief, that if annexation does not succeed, a revolt against the present Government will probably be carried through successfully, the Dole government will be overturned, and the royal dynasty re-established with the Princess Kaiulani on the throne, and the English Government dominant in influence under her reign. It never ought to be forgotten that a proposition for annexation is a proposition to admit, eventually if not immediately, a new State to partnership in the Union of States, on equal terms with the rest. If Hawaii had a stable government, and if her people were unanimously desirous of entering into such a partnership, there would be serious objections to her admission. To admit a State on a request preferred by its existing government, on the ground that it will not be able to retain its authority in the State unless admitted to the United States and backed up by our National authority, is an extraordinary proposition. And if the latest argument for annexation is based on a correct apprehension of the facts, this is the proposition which Congress has now to consider. Put in plain English, it is this: Shall we receive into the Union a population not only unwilling to come, but strong enough to overthrow its present Government unless we come to its aid and help to fasten it on a reluctant people? We doubt whether any such revolution as this argument presages is indeed imminent; but if it is, the fact simply enforces the argument against annexation. And it really needed no re-enforcement.

❀

Secretary Gage has devised a plan for curing a double injustice; a plan which, despite the opposition which it is encountering from certain members of Congress, seems to us worthy of all praise. There have gradually grown up in the Treasury Department clerks who are superannuated. They have passed the limit of the best activity, and though no longer able to do full work, are in receipt of full salaries. When it is proposed to discharge such a clerk, the natural sense of justice resents the proposition to turn off in his old age one who has spent his life in the service of the country, and political influences enforcing personal sympathy make the discharge practically impossible. On the other hand, such a superannuated clerk not only fails to do the work which a younger man in his place could do, but in a measure delays, if he does not block, the work of others who are really interlocked with and dependent upon him. Secretary Gage proposes, therefore, to adopt the plan which, in a different form, has long been adopted in the Army of the United States—to reduce the salaries of all superannuated clerks. He fixes the age-limit at seventy years and the reduced salary at $900, with a lightening of work correspondingly. The objection that this is tantamount to giving a pension to superannuated clerks appears to us not well taken. To continue on lessened salary a clerk who is no longer able to do full work is the custom of all humane, not to say all well-conducted, commercial establishments. It would be a right example for the United States to set, and it is certainly a right one for the United States to follow. The objection that in individual cases this rule will work a hardship because there are men of seventy years of age who are still able to do a full day's work, can be answered only by the statement that a great government enterprise must necessarily act according to certain general and inflexible rules. Although in some instances these may work hardship, the injustice to occasional individuals is less than the injustice to the people of the United States inflicted by a system which impedes the whole work of the Treasury Department,

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and the injustice to individual clerks which expects them to do an amount of work which they have no longer the strength and vigor to perform.

❀

In Congress last week the most animated discussions related to Civil Service Reform. They revealed an astonishing amount of hostility toward the extensions of the classified service made since the passage of the original Civil Service Act in 1883. In this country, as in Great Britain, Civil Service Reform has been practically forced upon the Nation by the administrative branch of the Government, against the protests of the legislative branch, whose power and patronage it reduced. All that Congress ever really approved was the principle that the clerical force in the large offices should be appointed by competitive examinations. The extensions of the system to other branches of service and to smaller offices have been by the orders made by Presidents Cleveland and Harrison. Last week the Republicans in the House opposed to Civil Service Reform appointed a sub-committee to draft a law practically reducing the operation of the system to the clerical force in the Departments at Washington, in the postal service, and in custom-houses with more than fifty employees. Among those who took part in the debate, nearly every Democrat and Republican from west of the Alleghanies expressed hostility to the present scope of the law, if not to the whole system. The best reply to the criticisms came from Senator Lodge, who presented among other things a letter from Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, estimating that the Government would have saved about four million dollars had the employees engaged upon the last census been selected under Civil Service Reform rules. The estimate was based on the relative cost of the statistical work of the Bureau of Labor and that of the Census Bureau. To Mr. Wright's testimony may be added that of Superintendent Porter, who, with no prejudice in favor of Civil Service Reform, says that his work was seriously embarrassed by the task of appointing a horde of employees whose qualifications for the work he had little means of knowing. The most important bill prominently before the House is a new bankruptcy law, which deals somewhat more leniently with debtors than the often presented Torrey Bill of former sessions. It is doubtful, however, whether this bill can pass the Senate, as Mr. Nelson, of Minnesota, an earnest supporter of bankruptcy legislation, desires the passage of a measure which fair-minded debtors will welcome as heartily as fair-minded creditors. He would confine involuntary bankruptcies to cases of fraud or preferences. He would correct the obvious evils of the present situation, and let the debatable ones be acted upon in the future, instead of trying to act upon all at once and perhaps again passing a bill whose repeal will be demanded.

❀

As a drastic means of settling the fur-seal question, a bill has been introduced in Congress by Representative Johnson, of North Dakota, looking to the immediate killing of all the seals. The opinion of our greatest seal expert, President Jordan, of Stanford University, is worth quoting on the subject. He points out that this course of action would not accomplish the desired end. As the animals are never all present at one time on the islands, a remnant would be left, which in time would revive the herd, and with it the whole question. Meanwhile, every objection which has been urged against pelagic sealing would be justly chargeable against such a slaughter. The fur seal is alike interesting and valuable, both from the naturalist's point of view and that of commerce. Unlike the buffalo, the elk, and the stag, it occupies territory that cannot be used for any other purpose. Where the former animals once roamed, says Dr. Jordan, great cities have sprung up, but the haunts of the fur seal would be deserted for all time if their inhabitants were destroyed. The Pribilof herd once yielded 100,000 skins annually, worth over $2,000,000, and without injury to itself. It is a pleasure to record the fact that last week the Senate and House passed with substantial majorities the bills forbidding pelagic sealing by citizens of the United States. Letters were presented from Secretaries Gage and Sherman favoring the immediate passage of the measure. The bill aims to further diplomatic negotiations with Great Britain and Canada, as well as to save the seals themselves. There has heretofore been no law prohibiting pelagic sealing, and this admission has had to be made by our representatives in their negotiations looking to a suspension of such sealing. Because Great Britain has not acceded promptly to our terms, we have no right to enter again upon the butchery of

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seals on the high seas. As Mr. Hitt said in the House, we cannot admit that pelagic sealing is a right; it is a barbarity. A notable clause in the new law reads as follows: "The importation into the United States by any person whatsoever of fur-seal skins taken in the waters mentioned in this act, whether raw, dressed, dyed, or manufactured, is hereby prohibited." This will undoubtedly bring the South American and Shetland Island skins into prominence; but it is probable that a great quantity of Behring Sea skins will continue to be sold here, though under a new name.

❀

Another piece of legislation by the Senate and House has been the passing of a law for the relief of the miners in the Klondike region. It is thought that the food supply on the Upper Yukon will not last beyond March. The Secretary of War, Mr. Alger, urges that food be sent in by reindeer by the way of Dyea. The Secretary has already decided upon his plans for a relief party. It is estimated that a sufficient number of reindeer may be bought in Lapland to aid the herd already in Alaska. General Miles, the General of the Army, believes that expeditions should be sent not only from Dyea, but also from the mouth of Copper River. The Dyea trail extends only a short distance through our territory, but the route from the mouth of Copper River extends entirely through our own territory. An important feature of the latter expedition would be to conciliate the natives and to ally them to the Government. They can be exceedingly useful as guides and interpreters, and can also be employed in clearing and blazing the trail. General Miles adds that, if they are not conciliated, and disturbances should occur which would render them hostile, an Indian war might ensue which would be the most expensive of any Indian war which this Government has yet had to encounter.

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The decision of the Manufacturers' Association at Fall River, Massachusetts, to reduce the wages of 27,000 cotton operatives eleven per cent. on January 1 was met by the operatives with a request for a conference the first part of this week, at which they would ask for a temporary shutting down of the mills in place of the ordered reduction of wages. It is probable that the manufacturers will refuse this request, and their refusal willbe exceptionally well justified. In February there was a curtailment of production; in August and September there was another; and yet, in spite of these suspensions of production, stocks of unsold goods have accumulated until the price of cotton cloth has fallen about ten per cent. lower than was ever before known. Under these conditions, a reduction of wages is better than another shut-down of the mills—which at best would only defer an inevitable cut in wages when production is again resumed long enough to accumulate a new surplus of goods. Even from the standpoint of the cotton operatives the reduction is probably better, and from the standpoint of the public it is certainly better. The process of making goods artificially dear by stopping work and creating a scarcity is a costly one to the nation at large. One of the chief evils to our farming population during the period of falling prices has been that manufactured goods have been kept artificially dear by the curtailment of production. The farmers have kept at work producing as much as ever, and selling it in a market restricted by the idleness of the mills. The mill-owners and the mill-hands, on the other hand, though suffering keenly by reason of this idleness, have produced no wealth during its continuance, and have so reduced the supply of manufactured goods as to compel the farmers to pay artificially high prices for them. We do not pretend in the present cotton crisis to say what reduction of wages is reasonable, but a strike or a "shut-down" to prevent any reduction is distinctly against the public interests.

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If any one doubts this, he has only to look at the condition of the cotton industry the world over. England, of course, is the center of that industry, operating as many spindles as all the rest of the world, and three times as many as the United States. In England also the cotton manufacturers are demanding a reduction of wages, though their operatives are so well organized that a reduction of wages is a last resort. They are able to show quite conclusively that if all their laborers are employed at the old wages, more goods will be produced than can be sold at remunerative prices. Most of them are demanding international bimetallism in order to secure a general rise in prices and revival of industry. Some of them, however, are attributing all their woes to the longer hours and lower

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wages of their Continental competitors. In reply to this, one manufacturer writes to the London "Chronicle" showing conclusively that the only country that is able occasionally to sell plain or bleached cotton goods in England is America, where hours in the cotton center are almost as short as in England, and wages are much higher. It is not, therefore, the competition of countries with a poor grade of labor that is to be feared.

❀

A similar answer can be made to the complaints now being made by Massachusetts manufacturers regarding the competition from other States in this country. The Manufacturers' Association at Fall River has been protesting because Massachusetts factories are allowed to run but fifty-eight hours a week, while Rhode Island factories, they allege, are permitted to run sixty-three hours. To those who do not realize the advantages of shorter hours this seems a serious grievance; but, as Carroll D. Wright showed in a Massachusetts labor report years ago, this difference in hours has not been found disadvantageous to Massachusetts. The last census makes this fact even more clear than did Mr. Wright's report. During the decade between 1880 and 1890 the production of cotton goods in Rhode Island increased only from $24,000,000 to $27,000,000, while in Massachusetts it increased from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000. The shorter hours in Massachusetts were clearly no disadvantage to the cotton industry in Massachusetts. Similarly is it with the widely published statement of the Arkwright Club of New England manufacturers with reference to Southern competition. This club states very truly that the Southern operatives often work seventy-two hours, and get much lower wages than those of Massachusetts. It also states very truly that manufacturing at the South is increasing at a more rapid ratio than in Massachusetts. What it does not state is that in all the States where manufacturing has just begun the ratio of increase is greater, and that this ratio is much less in the South, where wages and hours are bad, than in the West, where they are good. So long as the South is unable to supply all of its own cotton goods, while Massachusetts supplies nearly half the Nation, it will not do for Massachusetts manufacturers to urge the superior economy of Southern conditions of labor. We believe that the depression in the cotton business makes hopeless a strike against any reduction of wages, but we are sure that any attempt to increase hours in Massachusetts to or toward the Southern level ought to be resisted by every one who cares for the quality of American labor or the manhood of American laborers.

❀

At the annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor in Nashville, Tenn., last week, the most notable feature of President Gompers's address was a sharp arraignment of the revolutionary Socialist element, which preaches that nothing can be done for labor under the present order of society. Referring to the predictions of this element that the coal strike would end in failure, President Gompers said: "Never having attained success in any cause in which they were engaged, these apostles of failure realized that if the miners won, the ground of opposition to trades-unions would be proved untenable." And then, in obvious reference to the work of Mr. Debs as an agitator during the coal strike, he continued: "As no man can be brave in defense of principles in which he does not fully believe, so did not and could not men honestly or faithfully defend trade-union action when they did not believe in trade-union policy or trade-union tactics." With reference to questions not distinctively of a trades-union character, President Gompers spoke warmly of the growth of sentiment in favor of the municipal ownership of public franchises, commended postal savings-banks and the restriction of immigration, and sharply condemned a recent Federal Court decision denying the right of unions to boycott goods made under conditions believed to be unfair. The most interesting resolution passed by the Convention in reference to a public question related to Hawaiian annexation, condemning it on the ground that it "would be tantamount to the admission of a slave State." The incoming Executive Council was instructed to urge upon Congress the opposition of the Federation to annexation.

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The National Board of Trade has adopted a resolution advocating legislation by Congress "to amend the Inter-State Commerce Law so as to permit pooling by railroads under the supervision and control of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, to the end that unjust discriminations may be prevented,

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and reasonable, uniform, and stable rates be established." Along with this resolution is another which we quote in full:

That the National Board of Trade deprecates all movements looking to the Government ownership of railway lines, but advocates a wise, firm, and continuous supervision over the operation and management of these great agencies in all matters affecting their relations with the public in the conduct of inter-State commerce.

And also:

That as the decisions of the United States Supreme Court have so weakened the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to perform the duties originally outlined for it, we petition Congress to so amend the Inter-State Commerce Law as to clothe the Commission with power to carry out the original intentions of the act.

With these resolutions of the National Board of Trade the reader should couple the contemporaneous report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission which recommends that pooling be permitted "if stable safeguards are provided *in advance*."

❀

This contemporaneous but not joint action of the Board of Trade and the Inter-State Commerce Commission indicates the great advance which has been made in the United States since the bill for the creation of an Inter-State Commerce Commission was first introduced into Congress. Then railroad men very generally insisted on regarding the railroad as private property which the Government had no more right to regulate than it had to regulate any other form of industry. When those who claimed that the Government might determine railroad rates cited as a precedent fact that the city determined the rates to be charged by hacks, no answer was forthcoming. Though only twenty-five years have elapsed, the whole point of view has now changed. Railroad men as well as Boards of Trade practically recognize the fact, which the courts also have come to recognize, that the railroad is a highway belonging to the State, that the railroad corporation is a servant of the State, carrying on the State's work for it, and that as such servant created by the State it is subject to the State, and also subject to such regulations as from time to time the State chooses to impose. The Anti-Pooling Bill was a relic of the mistaken notion that competition would protect the community from the evils of combination. Experience has proved the aphorism of Stephenson to be true, "Wherever combination is possible, competition is impossible." The Anti-Pooling Bill does not give us permanent competition; it does not give us what we need more than low rates—stable rates; it makes prosperous roads subject at times to the cut-throat competition of bankrupt roads; it serves the interests neither of the community nor of the corporation. What we want is the advantages which combination brings without the despotism which unregulated competition involves. The way to secure this is to allow railroads to combine, to make their combination agreements legal, to bring them under the control of law, and then to subject the rates which the combination fixes to a superior authority exercised by the State. If it be true, as is reported, that the railroads are themselves in favor of such a measure as this, and that the only point of difference between the railroads and the Inter-State Commerce Commission is on the question whether the Commission shall fix the rates before the combination has fixed them, or whether it shall have power to interfere and reverse the railroad's adjustment and prescribe a new one, the issue is not immediately of grave importance. The country might try with safety the plan of the railroad corporations, first giving to the Inter-State Commerce Commission power to act on appeal from the rates fixed by the railroads, and if this proved inadequate, then adopting the more radical measure, giving to the Inter-State Commerce Commission power to determine in the first instance what rates should be permitted to any combination of railroads.

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San Francisco seems to be continuously drafting and rejecting new charters. The present charter is undoubtedly unsatisfactory to the great majority of the citizens, but, according to its critics, the powers that be in politics are so well suited with it that they secure the insertion in each new charter of certain provisions which insure rejection at the polls. This last year a new charter has been framed by a "Charter Committee of One Hundred," appointed by the Mayor, which has only advisory powers, but has nominated "fifteen freeholders," who, if elected, will constitute the legal body for submitting a charter to the voters. The charter drafted by this Committee of One Hundred contains two provisions which commend it strongly to those who believe in complete democracy as opposed to government by powerful interests. One is a provision that when any public franchise is

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granted by the Board of Aldermen the Mayor may at his discretion require its submission to the voters at the next general election. This, of course, is an admirable means of preventing public property from being sold by public agents unless the public believes itself to be fairly compensated. The other provision, along the same line, requires that on demand of fifteen per cent. of the voters an ordinance or an amendment of the charter may be put to a direct vote of the people for ratification or rejection. Of course there must be strong public feeling upon a question before the signatures of fifteen per cent. of the voters in so large a city as San Francisco can be secured to a petition; but where such feeling exists, the rank and file of the people would have it in their power to protect themselves against the disloyalty of their representatives. It is greatly to be wished that these provisions might be separately submitted to the voters of the city. Unfortunately, the new charter contains other provisions upon which reformers are divided, and a ticket of freeholders put in the field by a combination covering four political parties may defeat the ticket nominated by the Committee of One Hundred and secure the drafting of another charter containing no provisions for holding in check those who are in power.

❀

Cleveland, O., which six years ago took the lead among American cities in compelling private companies to reduce the gas-rate to seventy-five cents a thousand, seems to be prepared to deal with the street-car question in a similar spirit. Three years ago the street-car company, whose franchise expires in 1904, attempted to obtain a ninety-nine years' extension. This effort was defeated, and this fall the company began to make overtures for a twenty-five years' extension, agreeing to pay from 3 to 5 per cent. of its gross receipts into the city treasury if relieved from all other taxes and from paving expenses, and also to sell six tickets for a quarter. Fortunately, the high level of popular intelligence in Cleveland kept these concessions from being accepted as a great boon. The Municipal Association published a bulletin, prepared by Frederick C. Howe, showing how much better terms had been secured during the last few years by cities in which the Councils were compelled by public sentiment to protect the public interests. Mr. Howe concluded his appeal by asking citizens to reject on behalf of the city a contract such as no one of them would dream of making in his private business. Some of the newspapers pursued a similar line of agitation, and when, week before last, preparation had obviously been made to railroad the proposed street-car ordinance through the City Council, Mayor McKisson issued a proclamation calling for a popular uprising to save the city from "the disgraceful surrender to monopolistic greed" threatened by the "outrageous proceedings in the City Council." Among other things, the Mayor said:

> The Council knows that the Reynolds ordinances were framed and supervised by the attorneys of the railway companies entirely in the interests of said companies, there being no intention to give the public anything unless repaid therefor many fold. . . . The alleged concession of six tickets for a quarter will recompense the companies by stimulating travel on all the lines, and advantage the patrons little at present and infinitely less five and ten years from now, let alone fifteen and twenty years from now, when the charge for carrying passengers in all the leading cities will undoubtedly average two or three cents each. The Reynolds ordinances prove themselves to be the boldest efforts at highway robbery ever attempted in this city, and will immediately damn every man connected with their passage.

The proclamation rang true, and found the public ready to respond. Indignation meetings were held, crowds of constituents visited the houses of Councilmen at night, compelling them to present themselves and hear the warnings, and finally even the Chamber of Commerce, representing the classes which own street-car stock, held a meeting to protest against the indecent haste of the Councilmen to extend franchises which do not expire for seven years. Temporarily, at least, the fight for the public has been won.

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The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York has handed down a decision approving the plans for rapid transit prepared by the Commission. From the decision, however, one of the five judges dissents on the ground that even the present plans will cause the city to exceed its constitutional debt limit, and the four concurring judges expressly refuse to pass on this point, on the ground that it should be referred for settlement to the highest court—the Court of Appeals. The four judges constituting the majority likewise stipulate that the company receiving the contract to build and operate the road must give bond to the amount

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of $15,000,000 for the performance of its contract. In making this stipulation the Court takes away from the city's Rapid Transit Commissioners the responsibility of securing the city, and assumes that responsibility itself. In case its stipulation means that the company receiving the contract must give a bond for $15,000,000 not only to build the road according to the terms of the contract, but also to operate it according to these terms for a generation after its completion, it may be difficult to award the contract. Certainly almost nothing can be done under the present law until either the Court of Appeals decides that the road now planned would not require the city at any time to exceed its debt limit, or else the tax officials reassess the property in the city, in conformity with their oaths of office, and list it at its selling value instead of fifty per cent. thereof, as at present. If the property within the city were thus reassessed, the debt limit—ten per cent. of the assessed valuation—would of course be practically doubled. Inasmuch as reassessments, according to the plain provisions of the law, have been going on in the interior of the State, the friends of rapid transit and the friends of conscientious listing should demand that the movement extend to this city. If no such reassessment takes place, rapid transit will be indefinitely delayed, unless the Court of Appeals holds that the awarding of the rapid-transit contract would not immediately add the full amount named to the debt of the city, but that only as bonds were issued for work done would the debt of the city be increased.

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That the majority of the wage-earners in this country gladly accept every opportunity for art culture provided for them without cost is constantly demonstrated. An article on "Free Public Organ Recitals in Boston," in the November "Review of Reviews," gives a history of what has been done by the art section of the Twentieth Century Club of that city in establishing a series of public concerts. Churches were selected in which to hold the concerts, preference being given to those favorably placed for wage-earning audiences, and those having good organs. The noon concerts, so far as is known an entirely original movement, took place in the down-town churches to be within reach of clerks and shop-girls. The audience at the midday concerts was large, women exceeding men; the evening concerts were held in different parts of the city, and men predominated. Free organ concerts have been an established fact in New York and in Brooklyn for many years, in many of the churches, but not in the tenement-house districts. These concerts are given, with the best musical talent of the cities, on Saturday afternoon, usually at four o'clock. At every organ concert given there is sure to be found a good audience. The second striking fact is that it is always an audience of music-lovers. Careful attention is given to the programme during the entire concert. The prominent musicians of the cities are as generous in the giving of their talents as the gifted in any profession. This musical culture is being carried forward in the course of lectures under the Board of Education in New York. Several of these lectures are on the history of music, with demonstrations of the musical instruments of all ages, as well as the music of all ages. Columbia College has for several years had a course of free lectures on music, the only cost being the sending for a ticket; and, under Professor McDowell, this department of Columbia is ranking with the other departments of the University open to special students. The choral class conducted by Mr. Frank Damrosch in New York, which has numbered thousands, is also a large factor in educating the musical taste of the people of that city. Now that Mr. Damrosch is the Director of Music in the public schools, the city of New York has gained just that much in the possibilities for general musical culture.

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The sense of decency was outraged last week in New York by the illustrations published in certain of the sensational papers the morning after a prize-fight which took place in Long Island City, under the protection of the police and the patronage of special representatives of the journals whose title-pages the next morning were an offense to civilization. No more brutalizing influences could be conceived than the illustrations and the accompanying head-lines. The face of the defeated pugilist was distorted in physical agony, and the victor was exploited as the hero of the day. Perhaps the density of the editorial mind and conscience was best evidenced in the contrast between the news and the editorial pages. The news pages declared in many ways that there was no brutality; that the perfection of the ethics of the prize-

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ring was enforced. Experts and physicians over their own names gave the stamp of their approval to the physical condition of the combatants and the science shown by them. On the editorial pages, as if to restore the moral equilibrium, appeared such editorial comments as the following: "A brutal prize-fight was held in Long Island City last night. . . . It was in violation of the laws of the State and an affront to public sentiment. . . . If civilization is not a failure, it should forbid two brutes to hammer each other into insensibility for the gratification of the low instincts of other brutes."

❀

The death of Dr. Charles Butler, in the ninety-sixth year of his age, removes from New York City one of its most venerable and venerated citizens. In his early life he was actively engaged in railroad and other improvements in the rapidly growing country. He took an important though a quiet part in its railroad development. He acquired, not by speculative methods, but by beneficent industry, a considerable fortune, but was better known for the use which he made of it than for the amount of his possessions. For many years he was active in the administration of the University of the City of New York and of the Union Theological Seminary, to both of which he made large gifts. Every year he was accustomed to open his house in the spring to the faculty and students of Union Theological Seminary, and to invited guests, and his home served often hospitable purposes to otherwise lonely students. He was one of the founders of the Union League Club, a member of the Century Association, of the Sons of the Revolution, of the New England Society, of the American Fine Art Society, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and of the American Museum of Natural History. Despite his advanced years he never lost the enthusiasm of his youth, and was one of the most pronounced and courageous defenders of religious liberty when it was assailed in the trial of Dr. Briggs, and in the vain attempt to take away liberty of teaching from the Union Theological Seminary. He was one of the best types of the American gentleman, uniting in his person the merits both of the old and of the new school.

❀

Theatrical as was the departure of Prince Henry of Germany for China last week, that event may perhaps mark a turning-point in the history of the Fatherland. At all events, the rector of the University of Kiel, at the head of a number of civic, military, and university deputations, said to the Prince that in all German lands the feeling prevails that such a point has been reached. The Emperor spoke of the bullying of the Chinese as being the logical consequence "of what our lamented grandfather and his great Chancellor accomplished politically, and what our glorious father achieved with the sword on the battle-field." Even if William I. and Prince Bismarck would agree to this, the noble Liberal, Frederick III., would be the first to spurn such words. William II. directed Prince Henry, "If any one ever attempt to affront or prejudice us in our good rights, then strike out with your mailed fist." It may be added that the permission to strike was probably obtained from Russia, which has now made good its claim to Port Arthur, while England may follow the lead with a claim to Chusan. Prince Henry's reply was so little in accord with his character as to cause the suspicion that it had been written by William II. himself. No such imitation-Oriental adulation has lately been heard. The Prince addressed his brother as "Most Serene Emperor, Most Powerful King and Lord, Illustrious Brother," and he closed with the remarkable statement that he was only going abroad to preach "to all who will hear, as well as to those who will not hear, the gospel of your Majesty's consecrated person. I raise my glass and call to those who, with me, enjoy the happy privilege of being permitted to go forth, to remember this day, to impress on their minds the person of the Emperor, to let the cry resound far out into the world, 'Our most serene, mighty, beloved Emperor, king and master forever and ever. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!'" The whole performance was anachronistic enough to transport us back to the servile times when Roman Emperors were deified. Some modern Offenbach might well transpose the scene into a new "Grande Duchesse."

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Last week there was an interesting discussion in the German Reichstag on the reform of military judicial procedure. The Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, declared that the measure corresponded with the ministerial statements of last year, as it introduced

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the system of oral, direct procedure. While separating the duties of the judge, prosecutor, and defending counsel, it afforded means of redress by way of complaint, appeal, or revision. The final decision would rest with the tribunals, and, except when public interests would suffer thereby, the actual trial would be public. The identity of interpretation and application of the laws was assured by the Supreme Military Tribunal. The Chancellor added the significant statement that any further assimilation to the Civil Code was precluded by military considerations. The establishment of a uniform judicial procedure for the whole army is indeed a gain to Germany. In the form presented by the Chancellor the bill is acceptable to all the Federal Governments. The Government vigorously declared that the Federal Governments would reject the measure if it were amended. The leader of the Centrists (the Catholics) replied, however, that while his party regarded the measure as indicative of good will on the part of the Government, the measure was too arbitrary, and required drastic amendment. The Social Democratic party also criticised the bill as being too arbitrary; whereupon the Government leaders replied that they had not pretended to satisfy the Social Democracy, and that so long as army discipline was maintained they did not fear the realization of Socialist schemes. In this, however, they are reckoning without their host.

❀

The recent decision of the German Social Democrats to support Liberal candidates when they cannot elect their own has already borne fruit in a parliamentary election. A Conservative seat in Brandenburg fell vacant, and at the first ballot to fill the vacancy the Conservative candidate had a plurality of nearly 1,900 votes over the Liberal, while the total vote of the Socialist candidate was barely 2,000, and that for the Anti-Semite was a trifle less. As the Conservative candidate had less than a majority of the whole vote polled, a second ballot was necessary, at which only the two highest candidates could be voted for. Loyal to the recent decision of their representatives, the Socialist voters rallied to the polls in support of the Liberal. Most of the Anti-Semites did the same, and the result of the poll was a Liberal majority of nearly 1,500. Inasmuch as this district had previously been reckoned as safely Conservative, and inasmuch as the present business depression—everywhere hurtful to the party in power—is likely to tell against the Conservatives in Germany, it is not impossible that the approaching general elections may result in a majority against Conservatism. This would be a serious blow to the autocracy of the young Emperor, would dash in pieces his plan to create a navy sufficient to exercise a "world-wide influence," and in general offer stubborn resistance to all the plans of militarism and landlordism to increase the indirect taxes on the necessities of life. In their taxation programme the Liberals and the Social Democrats are already very nearly united. The Liberals oppose the tariffs on breadstuffs because of a theoretical belief in free trade; the Social Democrats oppose them because the bulk of their burdens falls upon the poor. Complete fusion, therefore, seems within reach. When it takes place, Germany will have a great progressive party, and the hope of reform through the vote of the Social Democrats will increase as the danger of revolution through their vote diminishes.

❀

New difficulties are again arising between Japan and Korea. The latter country proposes to prohibit the export of rice. This was one cause of the trouble between Korea and Japan four years ago, and one of the causes of the Chino-Japanese war. Korea is also threatening the Japanese labor market. We have always regarded Japanese labor as particularly cheap, but it seems that Korean labor is even cheaper. Mr. Horace Allen, our Consul-General at Seoul, has sent to the Department of State a document saying that the Korean laborers are much prized in Japan, and that considerable numbers of them are being taken there to work in the coal-mines, at which they are superior in some respects to the Japanese. The Koreans are also superior to the Chinese in railway construction; and the engineer in charge of the Seoul-Chemulpo railway, now being built by Americans, reports that the Koreans are as good laborers as the Americans, although they receive only fifteen cents in gold a day and feed themselves. Another interesting item from Japan, and one which more nearly affects our own country, is the news that, as the Japanese Cabinet has found the absolute protest against Hawaiian annexation to be of no avail, it has concluded that it would be advisable to

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yield a point. Therefore, while not objecting to annexation itself, it will make an effort to insure the protection of Japanese interests. The United States Government will be asked to guarantee that the annexation of Hawaii shall not interfere with the advantages hitherto possessed by Japan in the islands.

❀

Japan continues to show strong interest in regard to the taking of Kiaochau territory by Germany, and Baron Nishi, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has instructed the Japanese Ministers in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Peking to inquire whether the seizure of Kiaochau by Germany was not the result of a distinct understanding between Germany, France, and Russia; whether Germany intends permanently to occupy any portion of the Chinese territory; what the principal object of Germany is, and what attitude Great Britain is taking toward the seizure. The Japanese papers are particularly interesting reading just now, the "Asahi" saying that Russia has acceded to the German occupation of Kiaochau on the understanding that Germany shall refrain from any interference with Russian plans for Korean dominion. This journal asserts that by the beginning of 1898 Russia will fully occupy Port Arthur, and Germany take possession of another important strategic position on the Chinese coast. Another Japanese paper remarks that Germany has long been anxious to obtain a settlement in the vicinity of Amoy, but her efforts have not proven successful. The occupation of Kiaochau, a place already granted to Russia by China for a coaling-station, is a proof to the Japanese that Germany would never have taken the step without a thorough understanding with Russia. We have already called attention to the important help which Germany at Kiaochau might give to Russia in the event of a Russo-Japanese war. The Japanese papers, however, have quite enough to do with the political crises at home. Both the Government and the Liberal party have been condemned. It is stated that the Government will be unable to pass new codes through the Diet, and thus the revised treaties cannot come into force. The deputation from the National Union party has asked Premier Matsugata to resign, on the ground that the crisis will thus be ended; this request has been refused. In view of the dissatisfaction expressed by the people, however, several governors of prefectures have resigned.

Last week two events of prime importance took place in Italy and Switzerland. One was the gazetting of the new Italian Cabinet. It is perhaps the strongest Cabinet which Italy has yet seen. A prominent new member is Signor Giuseppe Zanardelli, the most respected, capable, and distinguished man in the Progressist party. It is significant that Signor Zanardelli has found it possible to ally himself with Conservatives like the Prime Minister, the Marquis di Rudini, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Marquis Visconti Venosta. Not only has Signor Zanardelli done this, but he has induced his Progressist friends to come with him. Of course the Vatican regards the advent of this coalition Cabinet with not unnatural alarm. Signor Zanardelli will take the office of Minister of Justice. In Switzerland the event of prime importance has been the election of a new President and Vice-President in the persons of MM. Ruffy and Mueller. Both are Radicals. They seem to have been elected after the usual sensible Swiss custom of dispensing with a long period of political and commercial agitation such as obtains in this country, but this is largely due to the fact that in Switzerland the Presidents and Vice-Presidents are elected but for the term of one year. They may be re-eligible to the same offices, but not until after the expiration of another year. The Vice-President is generally elected to succeed the outgoing President; for instance, M. Ruffy was the Vice-President for 1897, and succeeds President Deucher. Both President and Vice-President are elected by the Federal Assembly, in joint session, of the National and State Councils.

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An Australian correspondent of "Direct Legislation" sends a most interesting account of the discussions going on in the Convention to draft a Federal Constitution. A year ago all the Colonies except Queensland passed Federal Enabling Bills, under which ten delegates from each were elected to the Convention. The chief difficulty in the way of federation is the same that confronted our own Constitutional Convention over a century ago. The people in the smaller States are unwilling to be governed absolutely by the decision of the people in the larger, while the people in the larger States are unwilling to give disproportionate power to the people in the smaller. In Australia this difficulty is

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especially great because two of the Colonies—Victoria and New South Wales—have a population three times as great as the remaining three—South Australia, Western Australia, and Queensland. The compromise finally agreed upon in our own Constitutional Convention was quickly reached in Australia. It was agreed that in the Federal Senate each Colony should have equal representation, and in the House representation should be according to population. Yet the extreme weakness of the small States in the House and their extreme strength in the Senate made it possible that the two bodies should be in frequent and irremediable conflict. A means was therefore sought by which deadlocks could be prevented. For three days the debates centered around the referendum as a solution. Here again, however, the jealousy of the small States expressed itself, and some of their representatives were unwilling to consent to the reference of measures directly to the people unless not only a majority of the voters but also a majority of the States was requisite to adoption. The reference of questions directly to the people of the nation was finally rejected by a vote of 27 to 13, and a complicated plan of dissolving Congress and requiring the newly elected Senate and the House to meet in joint session in case of continued deadlock was substituted. Nevertheless, the principle of the referendum developed such strength during the discussion that its advocates expect its ultimate adoption by the Constitutional Convention. Mr. Reid, the Premier of New South Wales, in urging the national referendum, expressed his willingness that the smaller States should specify the subjects distinctively involving States' rights, and that these should be exempted from the control of the people of the nation, but that on national questions there should be no distinction between voters in the several States. Along these lines public sentiment seems likely to develop.

❀

All the latest military news from India indicates that this summer's campaigns against the wild tribes on the borderland have proved absolutely without permanent results. There have been many brave actions and some individual instances of extraordinary heroism. The tribes have been driven from one point to another, but as they have left one place of advantage they have seized another, and no real progress has been made towards subduing them. General Westmacott's advance into Afridiland has been turned into a positive retreat, and it is now announced that Sir William Lockhart, the present Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, proposes to make an attempt on Afridiland by an entirely different route from that taken by General Westmacott. The expense of the Indian campaigns has been enormous, the result so far practically nothing, and the English press and people are more than doubtful as to the wisdom of the so-called "forward policy." Moreover, there are serious rumors of something very much like cowardice and insubordination on the part of some of the British regiments, and the question is again raised as to the efficiency of the methods of recruiting and organization in the British army. Meanwhile the dissatisfaction of the better class of Indian natives at their practical exclusion from the public service is growing. Indian problems are sure to come more and more to the front.

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All who feel an interest in Arctic explora tion will learn with pleasure of the generous act of Mr. A. C. Harmsworth, a public-spirited Englishman, in offering Lieutenant Peary the use of Mr. Harmsworth's vessel, the Windward, which returned from Franz Josef Land last summer. This vessel is expressly fitted for Arctic work, and is almost an ideal ship for Lieutenant Peary's purpose. Mr. Harmsworth, as our readers know, has already done a great deal to encourage Arctic exploration, and in particular he bore the entire expense of the Jackson exploration party. His present offer is a graceful and beneficent act of international courtesy. Lieutenant Peary has in every way had a cordial welcome in London, and the scientists there think that his plan of advancing toward the Pole, which has already been described in The Outlook, is the most promising of any so far undertaken.

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There are some counties in Alabama in which the average amount spent each year for the education of the colored children is but fifty cents; and in some of the counties there is not a single public school building owned by the State. Fifty dollars sent to Booker T. Washington, Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama, will pay for the education of a young man or woman for a year, who, when educated, will go into these counties and help the colored people there.

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Christmas Peace

"Peace on earth, good will to men" was a prophecy, not a declaration of that which already existed. Even he of whom this was the heraldic message declared that his coming meant war; but it was a war of righteousness against evil, a war of emancipation to free men from the trammels of tradition, of discouragement, of mistaken apprehension of the purpose of God in their creation. Christ's whole life was a protest against crying "Peace! peace!" when there is no peace. It was the protest of the perfect life at war against evil. The message of Christ's life is that peace and good will rest on the comradeship of all those who are working for righteousness; on combining the forces of peace and good will against all things that make for unrighteousness, in one's self, in one's home, in one's church, in one's country.

The message of the world's redemption striking this perfect chord of peace and good will epitomized human attainment. It suggested the spiritual altitude of the Man of Sorrows, the heights to be attained by such as receive his message and follow him. Hardly had the echo of the angelic chorus died away when the sound of weeping rent the air which had vibrated with his praise. Seeming discord followed during the whole of those thirty years, and yet his first and last message was Peace; not peace as the world knows it, but peace as the climax of perfected life. The whole effort of Christ's life was to bring truth to men. His strongest denunciations were against hypocrisy; his every miracle a protest against evil; a promise of higher attainment for every man from whom he struck the shackles of sin and death. The message of peace and good will, the Alpha and Omega of those thirty years of God manifest in the flesh, rested on perfection of character, promised as the first issue of his life to the followers of Christ. Ultimate victory is to be attained only by the overthrow of evil. Peace and good will constitute the crown of righteousness, the final expression of the victory over the forces of evil. Christ again and again warned those he taught of the false peace that rested on that which was not of God.

To attain to the perfection possible to the followers of Christ one must love him and follow him, though in so doing one surrenders every love that had been dear. Standing for truth and righteousness, warring against evil within and without, peace and good will can be attained only through the battle which leads on to triumph over evil, but which will not be ended

> Till every foe is vanquished,
> And Christ is Lord indeed.

❀

Alphonse Daudet

By the sudden death, last week, of Alphonse Daudet, French literature loses, not a great creative author nor a profound thinker, but a consummate artist. In temperament, training, and native genius, Daudet was, above all things, an artist to the finger's tip. And because he had the rare art of concealing his art, it is always when he is freest, gayest, and lightest in touch that his style is the most finished. Critics will generally agree, we think, that, for this precise reason, Daudet will be best remembered by his pastoral stories, his sketches of life and character, rather than by his elaborate novels, well deserving of attention as are the latter. What, for instance, can be found in modern writing more delicately poetical, more redolent of the fields, more charming in love of humanity and world-wide friendliness, than his delightful "Letters from my Mill"? It has often been said that he stood on the border-line between prose and poetry, and it is in such idyls as those of the "Letters" that one finds behind the spontaneous joyousness and simplicity the utmost fastidiousness in the choice of words, the most absolute nicety in producing literary effects by exact methods. So, too, in later and graver volumes of sketches and tales—in "Robert Helmont," in "Trente Ans de Paris," in "Souvenirs d'un Homme de Lettres"—Daudet's exquisiteness of word-painting is even more evident than his breadth of experience and human sympathy.

As a humorist Daudet occupied a unique place among his contemporaries. In a thousand delicate side-turns of the pen he gives that subtle, unexpected appeal to the feeling which is higher than wit and finer than mere jesting. Humor is usually considered by English-speaking races a rarity among Frenchmen; humor like Daudet's is rare in all literature. In its quieter moods it gave us such tales as those of the Curé of Cucugnan and the famous Elixir; in its more uproarious moments it produced the immortal Tartarin, who bids fair to share with Falstaff the honor

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of being the best-laughed-at character in fiction. Never, by the way, was there a better illustration of the fact that Daudet was at his best when he followed his genius and at his worst when he tried to drive it, than his woeful failure when he used the beloved Tartarin as an instrument of satire against French colonization schemes; the Tartarin of Tarascon and of the Alps will live, the Tartarin of Port Tarascon is already forgotten. Satire, indeed, was in Daudet's hands sometimes a keen weapon, but it was never the true tool of his art; in "Numa Roumestan" and "Le Nabab" not the political satire but the strong character-depiction makes the novels vital and genuine; while "L'Immortel," clever as it is in its attack on the French Academy, is now, we imagine, less read than most of his books.

In reading Daudet's most ambitious novels, "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," "Jack," "Rois en Exil," "Sapho," and one or two already named, it is well to remember that the author was neither a professed moral teacher nor a writer of the "problem" school. He strove to depict life, to throw true light on action and motive, to analyze and present human passion. No man of high imaginative power can do these things without suggesting ethical questions; such questions can be found in Shakespeare's "Cleopatra" as well as in his "Hamlet." But, primarily, Daudet's watchword was *truth*, not spiritual exhortation. In his larger novels he was a realist, with a vastly wider vision than Zola, and without any of the decadent love of filth for filth's sake which seems to have taken hold of so many of the young school of French writers. Yet Daudet's taste in writing of sex questions was not the English taste; he is undoubtedly often broad, and there are not a few passages, especially in "Sapho," which are absolutely and brutally offensive to the English-reading world's sense of decency. Daudet's own conception of "Sapho" was that for once he had purposely taught a profound lesson—that of the impossibility of escaping paying the penalty of a vicious life—and he dedicated the book to his own young son. That neither this nor any of his books were distinctly immoral in intention must be granted. Apart from this phase, Daudet's novels are notable for their close reflection of an immense variety of human experiences. It is this, we suppose, which has made many people liken him to Charles Dickens—a comparison which, from the point of view of style, is all but grotesque.

When the young Daudet came to Paris, after a hard boyhood, he resolved, with his brother, to become "the poets of the poor;" the actual result of this noble resolve was a book of love-songs, his first work, "Les Amoureuses." The incident was typical; his was a genius never forced successfully, but, when left in its natural channels, sweet, true, and clear.

❀

The Method of Christianity

It is interesting and instructive to observe how science, patiently toiling after prophecy, proves by long-continued and oft-repeated experiments the truth which the seers have perceived, as in a vision, by intuition. The doctors, in dealing with the body, are coming to the conclusion that the great remedy for disease is the nourishment of life. They still sometimes attack disease directly, as when they prescribe an antidote for a poison. They sometimes save life by lessening life, as when they amputate a diseased limb and the cripple lives, though always a cripple. But for the most part hygiene is taking the place of drugs. Nature is nursed and cared for, and drugs are used, if at all, only to strengthen nature and add to her recuperative power. Formerly, for example, the consumptive was shut up in a warm room, kept away from draughts, guarded against the cold, and often, if not ordinarily, insufficiently nourished either on gruels by the doctor's counsel, or on insufficient food for want of sufficient appetite. Now the consumptive goes to the Adirondacks, wraps up in furs, sits upon the porch in all weathers with the thermometer at zero, takes prescribed exercise, sleeps, rests, and eats heartily. No attempt is made by drugs directly to attack the bacilli which are eating away the patient's life. The doctor simply attempts to nourish Nature and make her strong, and Nature herself, as the microscope demonstrates, surrounds the bacilli with tissues of her own producing, imprisons them in solitary cells, and so makes the man "immune" from the enemy which assails his life. When the reader sees advertised in a paper a "microbe killer," he may be sure that it is a quack medicine. Science is not endeavoring to kill the microbes. It leaves them severely alone, and seeks to develop such stal-

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wart health that the man who possesses it will enjoy immunity from the microbes.

This modern method of dealing with physical disease is borrowed from Christ's method of dealing with moral disease, and at once illustrates and enforces the wisdom of his therapeutics. He has come, it is true, to save men from sin; but he does it by giving them life and giving it more abundantly.

It is not the office of Christianity to destroy temptation, or remove men from it. There are doubtless times when this process is wise, as means to an end, but it is not the end. Whenever this method has been tried, as an end, it has invariably failed. This was the method of Puritanism. The cathedrals were leading to sensuous worship—they destroyed the cathedrals; the statues and the pictures were ministering to the baser passions of mankind—they destroyed the statues and the pictures; the novel and the drama were debasing the imagination—they drove the novel from the home and closed the doors of the theater; the dance had degenerated from an innocent frolic to an instrument of voluptuous vice, and they prohibited the dance. But all these which they shut out from society have come back again—dance, theater, novel, picture, statuary, cathedral. We believe that the Puritan was right in his time. Looking back at the life of England in the reign of Charles II., we cannot question that the Cavaliers would have corrupted and destroyed England, and that the Puritans saved it. But their expedients were only temporary expedients; the world's redemption will never be accomplished by such processes of prohibition. Why does not the Church, cries out the prohibitionist, shut up the liquor-shops and gambling-hells? Because, we reply, it is engaged in more important business; it is engaged in making men and women so strong in their moral life that liquor-shops and gambling-hells can do them no harm. If it were to close the liquor-shops and leave the appetite master of the man, it would render but little service. Mohammedanism prohibits all wine-drinking, and the prohibition is measurably well enforced, certainly better than the Maine Law is enforced in Maine. Christianity does not prohibit wine-drinking, and the use of wine is customary in all Christian countries. But there is far more of animalism, sensuality, bestiality, in Turkey, proportionately, without drinking or drunkenness, than there is in the United States with drinking and drunkenness. Already the Christian Church has accomplished by moral hygiene substantial immunity from drunkenness among the men and women whom it influences. A drunken member of a Protestant Christian church, or even a Protestant Christian congregation, is rare.

As it is not the office of Christianity to remove men from temptation, nor temptation from men, so neither is it the office of Christianity to rescue a few or many from the mastery of evil left dominant in the world. It does this rescue service, but its efficiency is not to be measured by the number of those it rescues, any more than the efficiency of an ocean steamer is to be measured by the number of its passengers who are saved from a watery grave by the life-belts which it carries. When the yellow fever breaks out in the South, we all admire the nurses and doctors who, at hazard of their life, go into the South to save such as they can from the epidemic. But science renders a higher service to humanity than this saving of a few from the ravages of disease. By clean streets, pure water, sunlighted apartments, it makes a city in which disease can find no lodgment because there is no soil in which its seed can grow. The heroism is less, but the beneficent result is greater. To give a city immunity from pestilence is a nobler service than to save some hundreds or even thousands from the pestilence which has been invited to the city.

Jesus Christ came, it is true, to seek and to save the lost; but he saves them, as we have said, by giving them life and giving it more abundantly. The rescue work of the Church is not its chief work; and the Church is not to be measured by the number of men who have experienced what is called conversion. Its chief work is hygienic—the creation of an atmosphere with moral ozone in it; the production of such a state of public sentiment that virtue will be easy and vice will be difficult; the presentation of an ideal before the community which leads it on, step by step, ever higher and yet higher; the re-enforcement of the conscience, the faith, the hope, the love; the making men strong as Christ was strong to live in the midst of temptation unsullied, able to be tempted and yet without sin.

The work of redemption is not an intercalatory process. It is not a net let down to the sea in which a few favored ones are caught to be snatched up into a higher life.

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It is the whole process of divine development, by which the water-grub becomes a winged creature, flying in another atmosphere. Its end is the kingdom of God by the creation of divine men. It is interpreted by Paul in the description of its final issue: "Till we all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto perfect manhood, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of the Christ." This is the issue to be kept continually in mind by preacher, teacher, parent. We may temporarily guard the feeble from temptation too strong for them; we may occasionally rescue the fallen and set them on their feet again; but our great work, the work to be kept constantly in view, the work which animates us with an inspiring hope and an unfaltering courage, is the work of making a world of men "immune" from sin; the work of so developing, strengthening, equipping our congregations, our pupils, our children, that they shall fear no evil and shall be able to say with the Master, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."

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The Spectator

Among the characters for whom the Spectator has particular affection, few rank higher than the country doctor. His history, while not wholly unlike that of the country clergyman, has yet important points of difference, for the work of a clergyman in the country is, or should be, most absorbing; he is of those who can earn no rest; if he be conscientious, there is no time during which his burden can be laid aside, for there can be no such thing in any community as a state of public moral health. The clergyman is laboring not only to reach an ideal for himself, but to advance others toward that high standard. The country doctor, on the contrary, fortified by the evidence of statistics, may easily reach the highest attainable result in seeking the health of his community. Indeed, the responsibility does not rest upon him alone. Until we shall adopt the Chinese method of paying the physician during health and stopping payment upon the advent of disease, the medical man can always throw the responsibility for individual health upon others. It is not permitted him to make calls unsummoned.

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All this rather ponderously leads to the assertion that there is often a certain catholicity of taste in the country doctor. Being perforce a man of education, and usually of refined tastes, he is likely to seek other interests than those afforded by the society of his neighbors. The Spectator hopefully appeals to his readers for a confirmation of the theory here stated. Consider the country doctors known to you, and inquire of yourself whether each has not at least a few attainments or tastes only remotely connected with his vocation. Your true country doctor is likely to be an amateur spoiler of photographic plates; perhaps an artificer of trout-flies; maybe he works during odd moments at a poetical translation of Horace—most harmless and useful of pursuits!

❀

In a small country town whose glory had passed away with the disuse of its once busy canal, there lived a blond enthusiast who practiced medicine and amused himself by farming. Neither of these occupations seemed ever to interfere—so far as the Spectator, then a small boy, could see—with the constant devotion to a river that was fishable provided one did not object to a monstrous proportion of perch when fishing for trout. At night the doctor was always ready to make one of a cheerful trio that kept alive the memory of Mendelssohn, and by dint of obtrusive counting with the foot managed to withhold the first and second violins from straying too far asunder.

❀

One would think—certainly the Spectator would think—that this catalogue covered a fair collection of talents and avocations, but the Spectator soon learned that these diversions were but subsidiary to one grand passion. The doctor's heart and soul were really absorbed in catalogues. All this was twenty-five years ago, or more, and catalogues were not then so plenty. Such as existed, however, seldom escaped the doctor's keen eye. Not that he ever exhibited them to his friends. Indeed, there is nothing to show where they were stored, nor where they were kept. When anything was brought out in the doctor's presence—a new reel with patent attachment for fastening it to the split-bamboo rod, a new brand of pen or pencil, a new form of button-hook, or what not—instantly the doctor's eye was aglow, and, with the enthusiasm of an archæologist naming a fossil, he would inform you that the contrivance came from the

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great house of This and That, in Philadelphia, and had been on the market for two years. Or if you wished to know whose rubber boots were best, or where you could procure a trustworthy treatise upon the art of verifying dates, or upon the best breed of milch cows, or the newest chain-pump for country wells, the ever-ready doctor had at his fingers' ends the name and address of the dealer in the required specialty. Impressed by his omniscience, the Spectator once asked him to explain the secret. It did not seem possible that the doctor could have visited all the stores, libraries, and manufactories in the country. He made no mystery of the method of his learning. "I read catalogues," he said, "and find them simply delightful." The virus took, and the Spectator has read catalogues ever since; for, truly, the good doctor seemed a past master in all sorts of knowledge—with the possible exception of medicine.

❀

After some years of training in this country doctor's university, the Spectator is willing to admit that the pleasures coming from its curriculum must remain largely imaginative. If there could be such an anomaly as a lavish millionaire, and he should acquire the catalogue habit, he might show, practically, the results of catalogue study. But for the ordinary mortal it must ever be enough to know where things are to be found, when required. Like the librarian who serves as guide-post for the erudite, the catalogue-reader in his most active phase can but direct others to the treasures he himself can never enjoy. In childhood, the future catalogue visionary will no doubt give himself often to the delightful pastime of "boneying." Some of the Spectator's readers may have missed this pleasure, and will not resent an explanation. Some day, as you are walking through a street lined with attractive shop windows, you come upon a little crowd of probably ragged boys gathered in a close group around a shop window; and if you will approach quietly, and affect an absorption which will leave them unconscious of your presence, you will from time to time see one of the little fellows point with a grimy finger to one of the treasures displayed, and exclaim, "I boney that!" Then he yields to a companion who, in the same way, boneys something else. The pastime goes on until the unobtainable objects behind the glass windows have been apportioned among the group. But this is seldom accomplished without more or less fierce rivalry and altercation.

❀

Kenneth Grahame, in his delightful "Golden Age," tells how his little heroes and heroines thus chose to be the characters represented in the pictures upon their walls. And, better than the Spectator can do it, he has depicted the sense of triumph and rivalry attending the distribution. This is the infancy of the passion which develops into the reading of catalogues—the enjoyment of ideal possession. The artist, the sculptor, the poet, can come little nearer the unattainable, and if they find pleasure in pursuit, why should the property instinct not seek similar gratification? The Spectator has had—perhaps still has—the taste for old books, without the capacity of acquiring any but the rare bargains that so soon, like the fairy gold, turn to black stones when reduced to possession. But how many pages of book catalogues has he read with an enjoyment no less real because so fleeting! It is hopeless to enter into detail in these days when the advance of the photographic and literary arts has made catalogues all but material reproductions of realities. Bicycles, cameras, microscopes, appliances for camping—all come before you in the habit as they live, and prove so suggestive of their manifold uses that fiction itself could add little to the reality of the visions called up in the mind of the beholder.

❀

When the Spectator has listened, at concerts, to the rendition of imitative pieces, he has been impressed with the feeling that by their very imitation they have lost a certain vague suggestiveness which was the essential charm of the highest musical language. Sometimes strains of music without resemblance to any consciously realized image most deeply touch the heart and fire the imagination. And in the reading of catalogues there is the same charm. One may gaze upon no more than a rude cut of a patent easel, but the sight of it sets his mind to wandering in the upland pastures of Norway, and brings up visions of pageants wherein the glories of cloud, sea, and sky are superbly harmonized. Catalogues are free; but then, as Lowell says, "'Tis Heaven alone that is given away."

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Let Us Follow Him[1]

By Henryk Sienkiewicz

Author of "Quo Vadis," "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," etc., etc.

Translated by Jeremiah Curtin

This story is so striking and vivid a presentation of the greatest event in history as it might have been seen by typical Romans of the intellectual class, so deeply human in its interest, and withal so fine a specimen of literary workmanship, that we have obtained the special consent of the authorized publishers of Mr. Sienkiewicz's works in this country (Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston), and of the translator whose admirable rendering of the Polish novelist's works into English has made it possible for American readers to enjoy them, to reprint it in full. Henryk Sienkiewicz is best known to many readers by his great romance of early Christian times, "Quo Vadis," but nearly ten years ago, when his "With Fire and Sword" appeared, The Outlook hailed him as an author of true genius, rich humor, and immense skill in finding the springs of human passion and action. He was born in 1845 in Lithuania, of an old and noble family. As a student at the Warsaw University he saw near at hand the events of a crisis in Polish history. At the age of twenty-two he began a long period of world-wandering, through Poland, in various parts of Europe, and finally in America, whither he came with the hope of establishing on the Pacific coast a home for the denationalized Poles. Several of his short tales deal with American life. The "trilogy"—"With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael"—occupied in writing eight years, and these romances were first printed serially in a Warsaw journal. "Without Dogma," a novel in a quite different vein—analytical, finely wrought, psychological, and altogether modern—followed, and "Quo Vadis" is a quite recent work.—THE EDITORS.

I.

CAIUS SEPTIMIUS CINNA was a Roman Patrician. He had spent his youth in the legions and in severe camp-life. Later he returned to Rome to enjoy glory, luxury, and a great though somewhat shattered fortune. He used and abused at that time everything which the gigantic city could offer.

His nights were spent at feasts in lordly suburban villas; his days in sword practice with fencers, in discussions with rhetors at the baths, where disputes were held, and where the scandal of the city and the world was related, in circuses, at races, at the struggles of gladiators, or among Greek musicians, Thracian soothsayers, and wonderful dancing-girls from the islands of the Archipelago. He inherited from the renowned Lucullus, a relative on the mother's side, a love for exquisite dishes. At his table were served Grecian wines, Neapolitan oysters, Numidian mice, and locust fat preserved in honey from Pontus.

Whatever Rome possessed Cinna must have, beginning with fish of the Red Sea, and ending with white ptarmigans from the banks of the Borysthenes (Dnieper). He made use of things not only as a soldier run riot, but as a patrician who passes the measure. He had instilled into himself, or had perhaps even roused in himself, a love for the beautiful—a love for statues rescued from the ruins of Corinth, for pitchers from Attica, for Etruscan vases from foggy Sericum, for Roman mosaics, for fabrics brought from the Euphrates, for Arabian perfumes, and for all the peculiar trifles which filled the void of patrician life.

He knew how to talk of these trifles, as a specialist and connoisseur, with toothless old men, who decked out their baldness in wreaths of roses when going to a feast, and who after the feast chewed heliotrope-blossoms to make the breath of their lungs odoriferous. He felt also the beauty of Cicero's periods, and of verses of Horace or Ovid.

Educated by an Athenian rhetor, he conversed in Greek fluently; he knew whole pages of the "Iliad" by heart, and during a feast could sing odes of Anacreon till he had grown hoarse or drunk. Through his master and other rhetors he had rubbed against philosophy, and become sufficiently acquainted with it to know the plans of various edifices of thought reared in Hellas and the colonies; he understood, too, that all these edifices were in ruins. He knew many Stoics personally; for these he cherished dislike, since he looked

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on them rather as a political party, and, besides, as hypochondriacs, hostile to joyous living. Skeptics had a seat frequently at his table; and during intervals between courses they overturned entire systems, and announced at their cups, filled with wine, that pleasure was vanity, truth something unattainable, and that the object of a sage could be only dead rest.

All this struck Cinna's ears without piercing to the depth. He recognized no principle, and would have none. In Cato he saw the union of great character and great folly. He looked on life as a sea, on which winds blew whithersoever they listed; and wisdom in his eyes was the art of setting sails in such fashion that they would urge one's boat forward. He esteemed his own broad shoulders and sound stomach; he esteemed his own beautiful Roman head, with his aquiline nose and powerful jaws. He was certain that with these he could pass through life somehow.

Though not belonging to the school of Skeptics, he was a practical Skeptic and hence a lover of pleasure, though he knew that pleasure was not happiness. The genuine teaching of Epicurus he did not know; hence he considered himself an Epicurean. In general he looked on philosophy as mental fencing, as useful as that which was taught by the sword-master. When discourses on it wearied him, he went to the circus to see blood.

He did not believe in the gods any more than in virtue, truth, and happiness. He believed only in soothsaying, and had his own superstitions; moreover, the mysterious beliefs of the Orient roused his curiosity. To slaves he was a good master, unless when occasional tedium brought him to cruelty. He thought life a great amphora, which was the more valuable the better the wine contained in it; hence he tried to fill his own with the best. He did not love any one, but he loved many things, among others his own eagle-like face with splendid skull, and his shapely patrician foot.

In the first years of his frolicking life he loved also to astound Rome, and succeeded a number of times. Later he grew as indifferent to that as to other things.

II.

At last he ruined himself. His creditors tore his property to pieces, and in place of it there remained to Cinna weariness, as after great toil, satiety, and one more unexpected thing, a certain deep disquiet. He had tried wealth; he had tried love, as that age understood it; he had tried pleasure, military glory, and dangers. He had come to know the limits of human thought more or less; he had come in contact with poetry and art. Hence he might suppose that from life he had taken what it had to give. Now he felt as though he had overlooked something—and that the most important. But he did not know what it was, and tortured his head over this problem in vain. More than once had he striven to shake himself out of these thoughts, and out of this disquiet. He had tried to persuade himself that there was nothing more in life, and could not be; but straightway his disquiet, instead of diminishing, increased quickly to such a degree that it seemed to him that he was disquieted not only for himself, but for all Rome. He envied the Skeptics and also considered them fools, for they insisted that one may fill completely the void with the empty. There existed in him, then, two men, as it were, one of whom was astonished at the disquiet which he felt, while the other was forced to recognize it as perfectly normal.

Soon after the loss of his property, thanks to great family influence, Cinna was sent to an official post in Alexandria, partly to build up a new fortune in a rich country. His disquiet entered the ship at Brundisium, and sailed across the sea with him. In Alexandria Cinna thought that questions concerning office, new people, another society, new impressions, would relieve him of the intrusive companion. But he was mistaken.

Two months passed, and just as the grain of Demeter, brought from Italy, grew still more luxuriantly in the rich soil of the Delta, so his disquiet from a sturdy twig changed, as it were, into a spreading cedar, and began to cast a still greater shadow on the soul of Cinna.

At first he strove to free himself of this shadow by the same life he had led in Rome formerly. Alexandria was a place of pleasure, full of Grecian women with golden hair and clear complexions, which the Egyptian sun covered with a transparent, amber luster. In their society he sought rest.

But when this also proved vain he began to think of suicide. Many of his comrades had freed themselves from life's cares in that manner, and for causes still more foolish than those which Cinna had—frequently from weariness alone, from the emptiness of life, or a lack of desire to make further use of it. When a slave held a sword adroitly and with

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sufficient strength, one instant ended all. Cinna caught at this idea; but when he had almost resolved to obey it, a wonderful dream held him back. Behold, it seemed to him that when he was borne across the river[1] he saw on the other bank his disquiet in the form of a wretched slave; it bowed to him, saying, "I have come in advance to receive thee." Cinna was terrified for the first time in life; because he understood that if he could not think of existence beyond the grave without disquiet, then they would both go there.

In this extreme he resolved to make the acquaintance of sages with whom the Serapeum was crowded, judging that among them perhaps he might find the solution of his riddle. They, it is true, were unable to solve any doubt of his; but to make up they entitled him "of the museum," which title they offered usually to Romans of high birth and position. That was small consolation at first; and the stamp of sage, given a man who could not explain that which concerned him most highly, might seem to Cinna ironical. He supposed, however, that the Serapeum did not reveal all its wisdom at once, perhaps; and he did not lose hope altogether.

The most active sage in Alexandria was the noble Timon of Athens, a man of wealth, and a Roman citizen. He had lived a number of years in Alexandria, whither he had come to sound the depths of Egyptian science. It was said of him that there was no parchment or papyrus in the Library which he had not read, and that he possessed all the wisdom of mankind. He was, moreover, mild and forbearing. Cinna distinguished him at once among the multitude of pedants and commentators with stiffened brains, and soon formed with him an acquaintance, which after a time was changed into close intimacy, and even into friendship. The young Roman admired the dialectic skill, the eloquence and dignity, with which the old man spoke of lofty themes touching man's destiny, and that of the world. He was struck especially by this, that that dignity was joined to a certain sadness. Later, when they had grown more intimate, Cinna was seized frequently by the wish to inquire of the old sage the cause of that sadness, and to open his own heart to him. In fact, it came to that finally.

III.

A certain evening, after animated discussions about the transmigration of souls, they remained alone on the terrace, from which the view was toward the sea. Cinna, taking Timon's hand, declared openly what the great torment of his life was, and why he had striven to approach the scholars and philosophers of the Serapeum.

"I have gained this much at least," said he; "I have learned to know you, O Timon, and I understand now that if you cannot solve my life's riddle, no other man can."

Timon gazed for a time at the smooth surface of the sea, in which the new moon was reflected; then he said:

"Hast thou seen those flocks of birds, Cinna, which fly past here in winter from northern glooms? Dost thou know what they seek in Egypt?"

"I do. Warmth and light."

"Souls of men also seek warmth, which is love, and light, which means truth. The birds know whither they are flying for their good; but souls are flying over roadless places, in wandering, in sadness, and disquiet."

"Why can they not find the road, noble Timon?"

"Once man's repose was in the gods; to-day faith in the gods is burnt out, like oil in a lamp. Men thought that to souls philosophy would be the light of truth; to-day, as thou knowest best of all, on its ruins in Rome and in the Academy in Athens, and here, sit Skeptics, to whom it seemed that it was bringing in peace, but it brought in disquiet. For to renounce light and heat is to leave the soul in darkness, which is disquiet. Hence, stretching out our hands before us, we seek an exit in groping."

"Hast thou not found it?"

"I have sought, and I have not found it. Thou hast sought it in pleasure, I in thought; and the same mist encircles us. Know, then, that not thou alone art suffering, but in thee the soul of the world is tortured. Is it long since thou hast ceased to believe in the gods?"

"At Rome they are honored publicly yet, and even new ones are brought from Asia and Egypt; but no one believes in them sincerely, except dealers in vegetables, who come in the morning from the country to the city."

"And these are the only people who live in peace."

"They are like those who bow down here to cats and onions."

"Just like those, who, in the manner of beasts, ask for nothing beyond sleep after eating."

"But is life worth the living in view of this?"

[1] Styx.

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"Do I know what death will bring?"

"What is the difference, then, between thee and the Skeptics?"

"Skeptics are satisfied with darkness, or feign that they are satisfied, but I suffer in it."

"And thou seekest no salvation?"

Timon was silent for a moment, and then answered slowly, as if with hesitation:

"I wait for it."

"Whence?"

"I know not."

Then he rested his head on the palm of his hand; and as if under the influence of that silence which had settled down on the terrace, he began to speak in a low and measured voice:

"A wonderful thing; but at times it seems to me that if the world contained nothing beyond that which we know, and if we could be nothing more than we are, this disquiet would not exist in us. So in this sickness I find hope of health. Faith in Olympus and philosophy are dead, but health may be some new truth which I know not."

Beyond expectation, that talk brought great solace to Cinna. When he heard that the whole world was sick, and not he alone, he felt as if some one had taken a great weight from him and distributed it on a thousand shoulders.

IV.

From that time the friendship uniting Cinna and the old Greek became still more intimate. They visited each other frequently and exchanged thoughts, like bread in time of a banquet. Besides, Cinna, in spite of experience and the weariness which comes of use, had not reached the age yet when life has ceased to contain the charm of unknown things; and just this charm he found in Antea, Timon's only daughter.

Her fame was not less in Alexandria than the fame of her father. Eminent Romans frequenting Timon's house did her homage, Greeks did her homage, philosophers from the Serapeum did her homage, and so did the people. Timon did not restrict her to the gineceum, after the manner of other women; and he tried to transfer to her everything that he himself knew. When she had passed the years of childhood, he read Greek books with her, and even Latin and Hebrew; for, gifted with an uncommon memory, and reared in many-tongued Alexandria, she learned those languages quickly. She was a companion to him in thoughts; she took frequent part in the discussions which were held in Timon's house during Symposiums. Often, in the labyrinth of difficult questions, she was able, like Ariadne, to avoid going astray herself and to extricate others. Her father honored and admired her. The charm of mystery and almost of sacredness surrounded her, besides; for she had prophetic dreams, in which she saw things invisible to common mortals. The old sage loved her as his own soul, and the more for this reason, that he was afraid of losing her; for frequently she said that beings appeared in dreams to her—ominous beings—also a certain divine light, and she knew not whether this light was the source of life or death.

Meanwhile she was met only by love. The Egyptians, who frequented Timon's house, called her the Lotus; perhaps because that flower received divine honor on the banks of the Nile, and perhaps also because whoever saw it might forget the whole world besides.

Her beauty was equal to her wisdom. The Egyptian sun did not darken her face, in which the rosy rays of light seemed to be inclosed in transparent mother-of-pearl. Her eyes had the blueness of the Nile, and their glances flowed from a remoteness as unknown as the source of that mysterious river. When Cinna saw and heard her the first time, on returning home, he conceived the wish to rear an altar to her in the atrium of his house, and offer a white dove on it. He had met thousands of women in his life, beginning with virgins from the remote north, with white eyelashes and hair the color of ripe wheat, and ending with Numidians, black as lava; but he had not met hitherto such a figure, or such a soul. And the oftener he saw her, the better he knew her, the oftener it happened to him to hear her words, the more did amazement increase in him. Sometimes he, who did not believe in the gods, thought that Antea could not be the daughter of Timon, but of a god, hence only half woman, and therefore half immortal.

And soon he loved her with a love unexpected, immense, irresistible, as different from the feeling which he had known up to that time as Antea was different from other women. He desired to love her only to do her honor. Hence he was willing to give blood to possess her. He felt that he would prefer to be a beggar with her than to be Cæsar without her. And as a whirlpool of the sea sweeps away with irresistible might all that comes within its circle, so Cinna's love swept

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away his soul, his heart, his thoughts, his days, his nights, and everything out of which life is composed.

Till at last it swept away Antea.

"*Tu felix* (Thou art happy), Cinna!" said his friends.

"*Tu felix*, Cinna," said he to himself; and when at last he married her, when her divine lips uttered the sacramental words, "Where thou art, Caius, there am I, Caia," it seemed to him that his felicity was like the sea—inexhaustible and boundless.

V.

A year passed, and that young wife received at her domestic hearth almost divine honor; to her husband she was the sight of his eyes, love, wisdom, light. But Cinna, comparing his happiness with the sea, forgot that the sea has its ebbs.

After a year Antea fell into an illness cruel and unknown. Her dreams changed into terrible visions, which exhausted her life. In her face the rays of light were quenched; there remained only the paleness of mother-of-pearl. Her hands began to be transparent; her eyes sank deeply under her forehead; and the rosy lotus became more and more a white lotus, white as the face of the dead. It was noticed that falcons began to circle about Cinna's house, which in Egypt was a herald of death. The visions grew more and more terrible.

When at midday the sun filled the world with bright light, and the city was buried in silence, it seemed to Antea that she heard around her the quick steps of invisible beings, and in the depth of the air she saw a dry, yellow, corpse-like face gazing with black eyes at her. Those eyes gazed persistently, as if summoning her to go somewhere into a darkness full of mysteries and dread. Then Antea's body began to tremble, as in a fever; her forehead was covered with pallor, with drops of cold sweat; and that honored priestess of the domestic hearth was changed into a helpless and terrified child, who, hiding on her husband's breast, repeated, with pale lips:

"Save me, O Caius! defend me!"

And Caius would have hurled himself at every specter which Persephone might send from the nether world, but in vain did he strain his eyes into space round about. As is usual in midday hours, it was lonely. White light filled the city; the sea seemed to burn in the sun, and in the silence was heard only the calling of falcons circling above the house.

The visions grew more and more frequent, and at last they came daily. They pursued Antea in the interior of the house, as well as in the atrium and the chambers. Cinna, by advice of physicians, brought in Egyptian sambuka players, and Bedouins, blowing clay whistles; the noisy music of these was to drown the sound made by the invisible beings. But all this proved futile. Antea heard the sound amid the greatest uproar; and when the sun became so high that a man's shadow was near his feet, like a garment hanging from the arm, in the air quivering from heat appeared the face of the corpse, and, looking at Antea with glassy eyes, it moved away gradually, as if to say, "Follow me!"

Sometimes it seemed to Antea that the lips of the corpse moved slowly; sometimes that black, disgusting beetles came out from between them and flew through the air toward her. At the very thought of that vision her eyes were filled with terror, and at last life became such a dreadful torture that she begged Cinna to hold a sword for her, or to let her drink poison.

But he knew that he had not strength for the deed. With that very sword he would have opened his own veins to serve Antea, but he could not take her life. When he imagined that dear face of hers dead, with closed eyes, filled with icy composure, and that breast opened with his sword, he felt that he must go mad before he could kill her.

A certain Greek physician told him that Hecate appeared to Antea, and that those invisible beings whose noise frightened the sick woman were the attendants of the ominous divinity. According to him, there was no salvation for Antea, for whoso has seen Hecate must die.

Then Cinna, who not long before would have laughed at faith in Hecate, sacrificed a hecatomb to her. But the sacrifice was useless, and next day the gloomy eyes were gazing at Antea about midday.

Attendants covered her head; but she saw the face even through the thickest covering. Then they confined her in a dark room; the face looked at her from the walls, illuminating the darkness with its pale gleam of a corpse.

Every evening the sick woman grew better, and fell into such a deep sleep that to Cinna and Timon it seemed more than once as though she would not wake again. Soon she grew so weak that she could not walk

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without assistance. She was borne about in a litter.

Cinna's former disquiet returned with a hundredfold greater force, and took complete possession of him. He was terrified regarding the life of Antea; but there was also a wonderful feeling that her sickness was in some way mysteriously connected with that of which he had spoken in his first conversation with Timon. Perhaps the old sage had the same thought; but Cinna would not ask him, and feared to talk concerning this matter.

Meanwhile the sick woman withered like a flower in whose cup a poisonous spider has settled.

But the despairing Cinna strove against hope to save her. First he took her to the desert near Memphis; but when a stay in the quiet of the pyramids gave no respite from the dreadful visions, he returned to Alexandria and surrounded her with soothsayers, who profess to enchant away diseases. He brought in from every kind of shameless rabble people who exploited the credulity of mankind by marvelous medicines. But he had no choice left, and snatched at every method.

At this time there came from Cæsarea a renowned physician, a Hebrew, Joseph, son of Khuza. Cinna brought him at once to his wife, and for a time hope returned to his heart. Joseph, who had no faith in Greek and Roman gods, rejected contemptuously the opinion about Hecate. He supposed it more likely that demons had entered the sick woman, and advised Cinna to leave Egypt, where, in addition to demons, marshy effluvia of the Delta might injure Antea. He advised also, perhaps because he was a Hebrew, to go to Jerusalem—a place where demons have no entrance, and where the air is dry and wholesome.

Cinna followed this advice the more willingly, first, because there was no other, and, second, because Jerusalem was governed by an acquaintance of his, a procurator whose ancestors were formerly clients of the house of Cinna.

In fact, when they came, the procurator, Pontius, received them with open arms and gave them as dwelling his own summer residence, which stood near the walls of the city. But Cinna's hope was swept away before his arrival. The corpse-like face looked at Antea even on the deck of the galley; on coming to the city the sick woman waited for midday with the same deathly terror as on a time in Alexandria.

And so their days began to pass in oppression, despair, and fear of death.

VI.

In the atrium, in spite of the fountain, the shady portico, and the early hour, it was extremely hot, for the marble was heated by the spring sun; but at a distance from the house there grew an old, branching pistachio-tree, which shaded a considerable area round about. As the place was open, the breeze there was far greater than elsewhere; hence Cinna commanded to carry to that spot the litter, decked with hyacinths and apple-blossoms, in which Antea was resting. Then, sitting near her, he placed his palm on her hands, which were as pale as alabaster, and asked:

"Is it pleasant for thee here, carissima?"

"Pleasant," answered she, in a scarcely audible voice.

And she closed her eyes, as if sleep had seized her. Silence followed. Only the breeze moved with a rustling the branches of the pistachio-tree; and on the earth around the litter were quivering golden spots, formed of sun-rays, which broke through between the leaves; locusts were hissing among the rocks.

The sick woman opened her eyes after a moment.

"Caius," said she, "is it true that in this country a philosopher has appeared who cures the sick?"

"They call such men prophets here," answered Cinna. "I have heard of him, and I wished to bring him to thee, but it turned out that he was a false miracle-worker. Besides, he blasphemed against the sanctuary and the religion of this country; hence the procurator has delivered him to death, and this very day he is to be crucified."

Antea dropped her head.

"Time will cure thee," said Cinna, seeing the sadness reflected on her face.

"Time is at the service of death, not of life," answered she, slowly.

And again silence ensued; round about the golden spots quivered continually; the locusts hissed still more loudly, and from the crannies of the cliff little lizards crept out on to stones, and sought sunny places.

Cinna looked from moment to moment at Antea, and for the thousandth time despairing thoughts flew through his head. He felt

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that all means of salvation had been spent, that there was no ray of hope, that soon the dear form before him would become a vanishing shadow and a handful of dust in a columbarium.

Even now, while lying with closed eyes in the litter decked with flowers, she seemed dead.

"I will follow thee!" said Cinna, in his soul.

Meanwhile steps were heard in the distance. Immediately Antea's face became white as chalk; from between her half-open lips came hurried breathing; her bosom heaved quickly. The ill-fated martyr felt sure that the crowd of invisible beings which preceded the corpse with glassy eyes were drawing near. Cinna seized her hands and strove to pacify her.

"Fear not, Antea; I hear those steps too. That is Pontius, who is coming to visit us," added he, after a while. In fact, the procurator, attended by two slaves, appeared at the turn of the path. He was a man no longer young; he had an oval face carefully shaven, full of assumed dignity, and also of suffering and care.

"A greeting to thee, noble Cinna, and to thee, divine Antea!" said he, as he came under the shade of the pistachio-tree. "After a cold night the day has grown hot. May it favor you both, and may the health of Antea bloom like those hyacinths and those apple-tree twigs, which adorn her litter."

"Peace be with thee, and be greeted!" answered Cinna.

The procurator seated himself on a piece of rock, looked at Antea, frowned imperceptibly, and answered:

"Loneliness produces sadness and sickness; but in the midst of crowds there is no place for fear, hence I will give one advice to thee. Unfortunately, this is neither Antioch nor Cæsarea; there are no games here, no horse-races; and were we to erect a circus, those madmen would tear it down the next day. Here thou wilt hear nothing but this phrase, 'the law,' and everything disturbs that law. I would rather be in Scythia."

"Of what dost thou wish to speak, O Pilate?"

"Indeed, I have wandered from my subject; but cares are the cause of this. I have said that among crowds there is no room for fear. Now ye can have a spectacle to-day. In Jerusalem, ye should be amused with something; above all, Antea should be in the midst of crowds at midday. Three men will die on the cross to-day; that is better than nothing! Because of the Pasch a mob of the strangest ruffians has come from out all this land to the city. Ye can look at those people. I will command to give you a place apart near the crosses. I hope that the condemned will die bravely. One of them is a marvelous person; he calls himself the Son of God; he is as mild as a dove, and has really done nothing to merit death."

"And didst thou condemn him to the cross?"

"I wanted to rid myself of trouble, and also avoid stirring up that nest of hornets that buzz around the temple; even as it is, they send complaints to Rome against me. Besides, the accused is not a Roman citizen."

"The man will not suffer less for that reason."

The procurator made no answer, but after a while he began to speak, as if to himself:

"There is one thing that I do not like—exaggeration. Whoever uses that word before me takes away my cheerfulness for the day. The golden mean! that is what wisdom commands us to follow, as I think. And there is not a corner of the world in which that principle is less respected than here. How all this tortures me! how it tortures me! In nothing is there repose, in nothing balance—neither in men nor in nature. At present, for example, it is spring; the nights are cold; but during the day there is such heat that it is difficult to walk on stones. It is long yet till midday, and see what is happening! Of the people—better not speak! I am here, because I must be here. Never mind that! I might leave my subject a second time. Go to witness the crucifixion. I am convinced that that Nazarene will die valiantly. I gave command to flog him, thinking in that way to save him from death. I am not cruel. When he was lashed he was as patient as a lamb, and he blessed the people. When he was covered with blood, he raised his eyes and prayed. That is the most marvelous person that I have seen in my life. My wife has not given me a moment of peace because of him. 'Permit not the death of that innocent man!' this is what she has been dinning into my ears since daybreak. I wanted to save him. Twice I went to the bema and spoke to those priests and that mangy rabble. They answered in one voice, raising their heads and opening their jaws to the ears, 'Crucify him!'"

"Didst thou yield to them?" asked Cinna.

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"I did, for in the city there would be mobs, and I am here to keep peace. I must do my duty. I dislike exaggeration, and, besides, I am mortally wearied; but when I undertake a thing, I do not hesitate to sacrifice the life of one man for the general welfare, especially when he is an unknown person whom no one will mention. All the worse for him that he is not a Roman."

"The sun shines not on Rome alone," whispered Antea.

"Divine Antea," answered the procurator, "I might answer that on the whole round of the earth the sun shines on Roman rule; therefore for the good of that rule it is proper to sacrifice everything, and disturbances undermine our authority. But, above all, I beg of thee not to ask me to change the sentence. Cinna will tell thee that that cannot be, and that, once sentence is pronounced, Cæsar alone can change it. Though I wished, I have not the power to change. Is that not the case, Caius?"

"It is."

But those words caused Antea evident pain, for she said, thinking of herself, perhaps—

"Then it is possible to suffer and die without being guilty."

"No one is without guilt," answered Pontius. "This Nazarene has committed no crime; hence I, as procurator, washed my hands. But as a man, I condemn his teaching. I conversed with him purposely rather long, wishing to test the man, and convinced myself that he announces monstrous things. The case is difficult! The world must stand on sound sense. Who denies that virtue is needed? Certainly not I. But even the Stoics only teach men to endure opposition with calmness; they do not insist that we should renounce everything, from our property to our dinner. Answer, Cinna—thou art a man of sound judgment—what wouldst thou think of me were I, neither from one cause nor another, to bestow this house in which thou art dwelling on those tattered fellows who warm themselves in the sun at the Joppa gate? And he insists on just such things. Besides, he says that we should love all equally: the Jews as well as the Romans themselves, the Romans as the Egyptians, the Egyptians as the Africans, and so on. I confess that I have had enough of this. At the moment when his life is in peril, he bears himself as if the question were of some one else; he teaches—and prays. It is not my duty to save a man who has no care for his own safety. Whoso does not know how to preserve measure in anything is not a man of judgment. Moreover, he calls himself the Son of God, and disturbs the foundations on which society rests, and therefore harms people. Let him think what he likes in his soul, if he will not raise disturbance. As a man, I protest against his teaching. If I do not believe in the gods, let us concede that it is my affair. Still, I recognize the use of religion, and I declare so publicly, for I judge that religion is a curb on people. Horses must be harnessed, and harnessed securely. Finally, death should not be terrible to that Nazarene, for he declares that he will rise from the dead."

Cinna and Antea looked at each other with amazement.

"That he will rise from the dead?"

"Neither more nor less; after three days. So at least his disciples declare. I forgot to ask him myself. For that matter, it is all one, since death liberates a man from promises. And even should he not rise from the dead, he will lose nothing, since, according to his teaching, genuine happiness and eternal life begin only after death. He speaks of this, indeed, as a man perfectly certain. In his Hades it is brighter than in the world under the sun, and whoso suffers more in this world will enter that with greater certainty; he must only love, and love, and love."

"A wonderful doctrine," said Antea.

"And these people here cry to thee, 'Crucify him'?" inquired Cinna.

"And I do not even wonder at this, for hatred is the soul of this people; for what, if not hatred, can demand that love be crucified?"

Antea rubbed her forehead with her emaciated hand.

"And is he certain that it is possible to live and be happy after death?"

"That is why neither the cross nor death terrifies him."

"How good that would be, Caius!"

"How does he know this?" inquired she, after a while.

The procurator waved his hand: "He says that he knows it from the Father of all, who for the Jews is the same as Jove for us, with this difference, that, according to the Nazarene, the Father alone is one and merciful."

"How good that would be, Caius!" repeated the sick woman.

Cinna opened his lips as if to make some answer, but remained silent; and the conversation stopped. Evidently Pontius was con-

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tinuing to think of the strange doctrine of the Nazarene, for he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders repeatedly. At last he rose and began to take leave.

All at once Antea said:

"Caius, let us go to look at that Nazarene."

"Hasten," said Pilate, as he was going away; "the procession will move soon."

VII.

The day, hot and bright from early morning, was obscured about midday. From the northeast clouds were rolling up, either dark or copper-colored, not over large, but dense, as if pregnant with a tempest. Between them the deep blue of the sky was still visible, but it was easy to foresee that they would soon pack together and conceal the whole round of the sky. Meanwhile the sun covered the edges of them with fire and gold. Over the city itself and the adjacent hills there extended yet a broad space of clear blue, and in the valley there was no breath of wind.

On the lofty platform of ground called Golgotha stood here and there small groups of people who had preceded the procession which was to move from the city. The sun illuminated broad, stony spaces, which were empty, gloomy, and barren; their monotonous pearl-color was interrupted only by the black net of ravines and gullies, the blacker because the platform itself was covered with light. In the distance were visible more elevated eminences, equally empty, veiled by the blue haze of distance.

Lower down, between the walls of the city and the platform of Golgotha, lay a plain bordered in places with cliffs less naked. From crannies in which had collected some little fertile earth, fig-trees peeped forth with few and scant leaves. Here and there rose flat-roofed buildings, fixed to the cliffside like swallows' nests to stone walls; or shining from afar in the sun-rays were sepulchers, painted white. At present, because of the approaching holidays and the concourse of provincials in the capital, multitudes of huts and tents had been raised near the city walls; these formed whole encampments filled with men and camels.

The sun rose ever higher on that expanse of heaven which was still free from clouds. The hours were approaching in which usually deep silence reigned on those heights, for every living creature sought refuge inside the walls or within the ravines. And even at this time, in spite of uncommon animation, there was a certain sadness in that neighborhood in which the dazzling light fell not on green, but on gray stone expanses. The noise of distant voices, coming from the direction of the walls, was changed into the sound of waves, as it were, and seemed to be swallowed by the silence.

The single groups of people waiting on Golgotha since morning turned their faces toward the city, whence the procession might move at any moment. Antea's litter arrived; a few soldiers, sent by the procurator, preceded it. These were to open a way through the multitude, and in case of need restrain from deeds of disrespect the fanatical throng, and those who hated foreigners. At the side of the litter walked Cinna, in company with the centurion Rufilus.

Antea was calmer, less frightened than usual at the approach of midday, and with it the terror of dreadful visions, which had drawn the life out of her. What the procurator had said touching the young Nazarene had attracted her mind and turned attention from her own misery. For her there was in this something wonderful which she could hardly understand. The world of that time had seen many persons die as calmly as a funeral pile quenches when the fuel in it is consumed. But that was a calmness coming from bravery, or from a philosophic agreement with the implacable necessity of exchanging light for darkness, real life for an existence misty, vanishing, and indefinite. No one up to that time had blessed death; no one had died with unshaken certainty that only after the funeral pyre or the grave would real life begin—life as mighty and endless as only a being all-powerful and eternal can give.

And he whom they had appointed for crucifixion declared this as an undoubted truth. This teaching not only struck Antea, but seemed to her the only source of consolation. She knew that she must die, and immense regret seized her. For what did death mean for her? It meant to lose Cinna, to lose her father, to lose the world, to lose love, for a cold, empty gloom which was half nothing. Hence the more desirable it was for her in life, the greater must be her sorrow. If death could be good for anything, or if it were possible to take with her even the remembrance of love, or the memory of happiness, she would be able to gain resignation the more quickly.

Then, while she expected nothing from

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death, she heard all at once that it could give everything. And who had made that announcement? A certain wonderful man, a teacher, a prophet, a philosopher, who enjoined love as the highest virtue, who blessed people when they were lashing him; and this man they had condemned to the cross. Hence Antea thought: "Why did he teach thus if the cross was his only reward? Others desired power; he did not desire it. Others desired wealth; he remained poor. Others desired palaces, feasts, excesses, purple robes, and chariots inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory; he lived like a shepherd. Meanwhile he enjoined love, compassion, poverty; therefore he could not be malicious and deceive people purposely. If he spoke the truth, let death be blessed as the end of earthly misery, as the change from a lower to a loftier happiness, as light for eyes that are quenching, as wings with which one flies away into endless bliss!"

Antea understood then what the promise of resurrection signified. The mind and heart of the poor sick woman cleaved with all their strength to that teaching. She recalled also the words of her father, who had repeated more than once that some new truth might bring the tortured soul of man out of darkness and imprisonment. And here was the new truth! It had conquered death; hence it had brought salvation. Antea sank with her whole being in those thoughts; so that for many and many a day Cinna for the first time failed to find terror in her face at the approach of midday.

The procession moved at last from the city toward Golgotha. From the height where Antea was sitting it could be seen perfectly. The crowd, though considerable, seemed lost on those stony expanses. Through the open gate of Jerusalem flowed more and more people, and on the way they were joined by those who had been waiting outside the walls. They went at first in a long line, which, as it moved forward, spread like a swollen river. At both sides were running swarms of children.

The procession was made varied and many-colored by the white tunics and the scarlet and blue kerchiefs of women. In the center were glittering the arms and spears of Roman soldiers, on which the sun cast fleeting rays, as it were. The uproar of mingled voices came from afar and rose with increasing distinctness.

At last the multitude came quite near; the first ranks began to ascend the height. The throng of people hurried on so as to occupy the nearest places and see the torment more clearly; because of this the division of soldiers, conducting the condemned, fell more and more toward the rear. Children arrived first, mainly boys, half naked, with cloths fastened around their hips, with shaven heads, except two tufts of hair near the temple, embrowned, with eyes almost blue, and harsh voices. In the wild uproar they fell to pulling out of the crannies bits of stone broken from the cliffs; these they wished to throw at those who were to be crucified. Right after them the height swarmed with a nondescript rabble. Their faces were for the greater part excited by the movement and by the hope of a spectacle. On no face was there a sign of compassion. The noise of rasping voices, the endless number of words thrown out by each mouth, the suddenness of their movements, astonished Antea, though accustomed in Alexandria to the word-loving liveliness of Greeks. Before her, people spoke as if they wished to hurl themselves at one another. They screamed as if escaping death; they resisted as if some one were flaying them.

The centurion Rufilus, approaching the litter, gave explanations in a calm, official voice. Meanwhile new waves flowed up from the city. The throng increased every moment. In the crowd were seen wealthy men of Jerusalem, dressed in girded tunics, holding themselves aloof from the wretched rabble of the suburbs. In numbers also came villagers whom the festival had brought to the city, with their families; field-workers, with kindly and astonished faces, came, bearing bags at their girdles; shepherds came, dressed in goat-skins. Crowds of women came with the men; but as wives of the more wealthy citizens did not leave their homes willingly, these women were chiefly of the people. They were villagers, or women of the street; these last, dressed gaudily, had dyed hair, brows, and nails; they wore immense ear-rings and coin necklaces, and gave out from a distance the odor of nard.

The Sanhedrim arrived at last; and in the midst of it, Annas, an aged man with the face of a vulture and eyes with red lids; then appeared the unwieldy Caiaphas, wearing a two-horned hat, with a gilded tablet on his breast. With these walked various Pharisees; as, for instance, those who "drag their legs" and strike every obstacle purposely with

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their feet; Pharisees with "bloody foreheads," who beat those foreheads against the wall, also by design; and Pharisees "bent over," as if to receive the burden of the sins of the whole city on their shoulders. Gloomy importance and cold vindictiveness distinguished them from the noisy rabble.

Cinna looked at this throng of people with the cool, contemptuous visage of a man of the ruling race, Antea with astonishment and fear. Many Jews inhabited Alexandria, but there they were half Hellenized; here for the first time she saw Jews as the procurator had described them, and as they were in their own native nest. Her youthful face, on which death had imprinted its stamp, her form, resembling a shadow, attracted general attention. They stared at her with insolence in so far as the soldiers surrounding her litter permitted them; and so great among them was contempt for foreigners that no compassion was evident in the eyes of any; rather did gladness shine in them because the victim would not escape death. Then the daughter of Timon understood for the first time, and precisely, why those people demanded a cross for the prophet who had proclaimed love.

And all at once that Nazarene appeared to Antea as some one so near that he was almost dear to her. He had to die, and so had she. Nothing could save him now, after the issuing of the sentence; and sentence had fallen also on her; hence it seemed to Antea that the brotherhood of misfortune and death had united them. But he approached the cross with faith in a morrow after death. She had not that faith yet, and had come to obtain it from the sight of him.

Meanwhile from afar was heard an uproar, a whistling, a howling; then all was silent. Next came clatter of weapons and the heavy tread of legionaries. The crowd swayed, opened, and the division conducting the condemned began to push past the litter. In front, at both sides, and behind, advanced soldiers with slow and measured tread. Next were three arms of crosses, which seemed to move of themselves; they were borne by persons bent under the weight of them. It was easy to divine that the Nazarene was not among those three, for two had the insolent faces of thieves. The third was a simple countryman, no longer young; clearly the soldiers had impressed him to do work for another.

The Nazarene walked behind the crosses; two soldiers marched near him. He wore a purple mantle thrown over his garments, and a crown of thorns, from under the points of which drops of blood issued; of these some flowed slowly along his face, others had grown stiff under the crown, in the form of berries of the wild rose, or coral beads. He was pale, and moved forward with slow, unsteady, and weakened step. He advanced amid insults from the multitude, sunk, as it were, in the meditation of another world; he was as if seized away from the earth altogether, as if not caring for the cries of hatred, or as if forgiving beyond the measure of human forgiveness and compassionate beyond the measure of human compassion, for, embraced now by infinity, raised above human estimate, he was exceedingly mild, and was sorrowful only through his measureless sorrow for all men.

"Thou art Truth," whispered Antea, with trembling lips.

The retinue was passing just near the litter. It halted for a moment while soldiers in front were clearing the road of the throng; Antea saw then the Nazarene a few steps away. She saw the breeze move his hair; she saw the ruddy reflection from his mantle on his pallid and almost transparent face. The mob, rushing toward him, surrounded with a dense half-circle the soldiers, who had to resist with spears, to save him from their rage. Everywhere were visible outstretched arms with clinched fists, eyes bursting through their lids, gleaming teeth, beards thrown apart from mad movements, and foaming lips through which came hoarse shouts. But he looked around as if wishing to ask, "What have I done to you?" then he raised his eyes to heaven and prayed—and forgave.

"Antea! Antea!" cried Cinna at that moment.

But Antea seemed not to hear his cries. Great tears were falling from her eyes; she forgot her sickness, forgot that for many days she had not risen from the litter; and, sitting up on a sudden, trembling, half conscious, from pity, compassion, and indignation at the mad shrieks of the multitude, she took hyacinths, with apple-blossoms, and cast them before the feet of the Nazarene.

For a moment there was silence. Amazement seized the crowd at sight of this noble Roman lady giving honor to the condemned. He turned his eyes to her poor sick face, and his lips began to move, as if blessing her. Antea fell again on the pillow of the litter; she felt that a sea of light, of goodness, of

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grace, of consolation, of hope, of happiness, was falling on her.

"Thou art Truth," whispered she, a second time.

Then a new wave of tears came to her eyes.

But they pushed him forward to a place a few tens of steps distant from the litter; on that place stood already the uprights of crosses, fixed in a cleft of the rocky platform. The crowd concealed him again; but, since that place was elevated considerably, Antea soon saw his pale face and the crown of thorns. The legionaries turned once more toward the rabble, which they clubbed away, lest it might interrupt the execution. They began then to fasten the two thieves to the side crosses. The third cross stood in the middle; to the top of it was fastened, with a nail, a white card which the growing wind pulled and raised. When soldiers, approaching the Nazarene at last, began to undress him, shouts rose in the crowds: "King! king! do not yield! King, where are thy legions? Defend thyself!" At moments laughter burst forth—laughter that bore away the multitude, till on a sudden the whole stony height resounded with one roar. Then they stretched him face upward on the ground, to nail his hands to the arms of the cross, and raise him afterward with it to the main pillar.

Thereupon some man, in a white tunic, standing not far from the litter, cast himself on the earth suddenly, gathered dust and bits of stone on his head, and cried in a shrill, despairing voice, "I was a leper, and he cured me; why do ye crucify him?"

Antea's face became white as a kerchief.

"He cured that man; dost hear, Caius?" said she.

"Dost wish to return?" asked Cinna.

"No! I will remain here!"

But a wild and boundless despair seized Cinna because he had not called the Nazarene to his house to cure Antea.

At that moment the soldiers, placing nails at his hands, began to strike. The dull clink of iron against iron was heard; this soon changed into a sound which went farther, for the points of the nails, having passed through flesh, entered the wood. The crowds were silent again, perhaps to enjoy cries which torture might bring from the mouth of the Nazarene. But he remained silent, and on the height was heard only the ominous and dreadful sound of the hammers.

At last they had finished the work, and the cross-piece was drawn up, with the body. The centurion in charge pronounced, or rather sang out monotonously, words of command, in virtue of which a soldier began to nail the feet.

At this moment those clouds, which since morning had been extending on the horizon, hid the sun. The distant hills and cliffs, which had been gleaming in brightness, gleamed no longer. The light turned to darkness. An ominous bronze-colored gloom seized the region about, and, as the sun sank more deeply behind piles of clouds, the gloom became denser. Men might have thought that some being from above was sifting down to the earth lurid darkness. The air now grew sultry.

All at once even those remnants of lurid gleams became black. Clouds, dark as night, rolled and pushed forward, like a gigantic wave, toward the height and the city. A tempest was coming! The world was filled with fear.

"Let us return!" said Cinna again.

"Once more, once more, I wish to see him," answered Antea.

Darkness had concealed the hanging bodies. Cinna gave command to carry the litter nearer the place of torment. They carried it so near that barely a few steps were between them and the cross. On the dark tree they saw the body of the Crucified, who in that general eclipse seemed made of silver rays of the moon. His breast rose with quick breathing. His face and eyes were turned upward yet.

Then from the rolls of clouds was heard a deep rumbling. Thunder was roused; it rose and rolled with tremendous report from the east to the west, and then, falling, as if into a bottomless abyss, was heard farther and farther down, now dying away, and now increasing; at last it roared till the earth shook in its foundations.

A gigantic blue lightning-flash rent the clouds, lighted the sky, the earth, the crosses, the arms of the soldiers, and the mob huddled together, like a flock of sheep, filled with distress and terror.

After the lightning came deeper darkness. Close to the litter was heard the sobbing of women, who also drew near the cross. There was something ominous in this sobbing amid silence. Those who were lost in the multitude began now to cry out. Here and there were heard terrified voices—

"O Yah! oj lanu! [woe to us!] O Yah! Have they not crucified the Just One?"

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"Who gave true testimony! O Yah!"

"Who raised the dead!"

And another voice called—

"Woe to thee, Jerusalem!"

Still another—

"The earth trembles!"

A new lightning-flash disclosed the depths of the sky, and in them gigantic figures of fire, as it were. The voices were silent, or rather were lost in the whistling of the whirlwind which sprang up all at once with tremendous force; it swept off a multitude of mantles and kerchiefs, and hurled them away over the height.

Voices cried out anew—

"The earth trembles!"

Some began to flee. Terror nailed others to the spot; and they stood fixed in amazement, without thought, with this dull impression only—that something awful was happening.

But, on a sudden, the gloom began to be less dense. Wind rolled the clouds over, twisted and tore them like rotten rags; brightness increased gradually. At last the dark ceiling was rent, and through the opening rushed in all at once a torrent of sunlight; presently the heights became visible, and with them the crosses and the terrified faces of the people.

The head of the Nazarene had fallen low on his breast; it was as pale as wax; his eyes were closed, his lips blue.

"He is dead," whispered Antea.

"He is dead," repeated Cinna.

At this moment a centurion thrust his spear into the side of the dead. A wonderful thing: the return of light and the sight of that death seem to appease that crowd. They pushed nearer and nearer, especially since the soldiers did not bar approach. Among the throng were heard voices:

"Come down from the cross! Come down from the cross!"

Antea cast her eyes once more on that low-hanging head, then she said, as if to herself:

"Will he rise from the dead?"

In view of death, which had put blue spots on his eyes and mouth, in view of those arms stretched beyond measure, and in view of that motionless body which had settled down with the weight of dead things, her voice trembled with despairing doubt.

Not less was the disappointment rending Cinna's soul. He also believed not that the Nazarene would rise from the dead; but he believed that had he lived, he alone, with his power, good or evil, might have given health to Antea. Meanwhile more numerous voices were calling:

"Come down from the cross! Come down from the cross!"

"Come down!" repeated Cinna, with despair. "Cure her for me; take my life!"

The air became purer and purer. The mountains were still in mist, but above the height and the city the sky had cleared perfectly. "Turris Antonia" glittered in sunlight as bright itself as the sun. The air had become fresh and was full of swallows. Cinna gave command to return.

It was an afternoon hour. Near the house Antea said:

"Hecate has not come to-day."

Cinna also was thinking of that.

VIII.

The vision did not appear the next day. The sick woman was unusually animated, for Timon had come from Cæsarea. Alarmed for the life of his daughter and frightened by Cinna's letters, he had left Alexandria a few days earlier to look once again on his only child before her parting. At Cinna's heart hope began to knock again, as if to give notice to receive it. But he had not courage to open the door to that guest; he did not dare to harbor hope.

In the visions which had been killing Antea there had been intervals, it is true, not of two days, but of one in Alexandria and in the desert. The present relief Cinna attributed to Timon's arrival, and her impressions at the cross, which so filled the sick woman's soul that she could talk of nothing else, even with her father.

Timon listened with attention; he did not contradict; he meditated, and merely inquired carefully about the doctrine of the Nazarene, of which Antea knew, for that matter, only what the procurator had told her.

In general she felt healthier and somewhat stronger; and when midday had passed and gone, real solace shone in her eyes. She repeated that that was a favorable day, and begged her husband to make note of it.

The day was really sad and gloomy. Rain had begun in the early morning, at first very heavy, then fine and cutting, from low clouds which extended monotonously. Only in the evening did the sky break through, and the great fiery globe of the sun look out of the mists, paint in purple and gold the gray rocks,

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the white marble porticoes of the villas, and descend with endless gleams toward the Mediterranean.

The next morning was wonderfully beautiful. The weather promised to be warm, but the morning was fresh, the sky without a spot, and the earth so sunk in a blue bath that all objects seemed blue. Antea had given directions to bear her out and place her under the favorite pistachio-tree, so that from the elevation on which the tree stood she might delight herself with the view of the blue and gladsome distance.

Cinna and Timon did not move a step from the litter, and watched the face of the sick woman carefully. There was in it a certain alarm of expectation, but it was not that mortal fear which used to seize her at the approach of midday. Her eyes cast a more lively light, and her cheeks bloomed with a slight flush. Cinna thought indeed at moments that Antea might recover; and at this thought he wanted to throw himself on the ground, to sob from delight, and bless the gods. Then again he feared that that was perhaps the last gleam of the dying lamp. Wishing to gain hope from some source, he glanced every little while at Timon; but similar thoughts must have been passing through his head, for he avoided Cinna's glances. None of the three mentioned by a word that midday was near. But Cinna, casting his eyes every moment at the shadows, saw with beating heart that they were growing shorter and shorter.

And he sat as if sunk in thought. Perhaps the least alarmed was Antea herself. Lying in the open litter, her head rested on a purple pillow; she breathed with delight that pure air which the breeze brought from the west, from the distant sea. But before midday the breeze had ceased to blow. The heat increased; warmed by the sun, the pepperwort of the cliffs and the thickets of nard began to give out a strong and intoxicating odor. Bright butterflies balanced themselves over bunches of anemones. From the crevices of the rocks little lizards, already accustomed to that litter and those people, sprang out, one after the other, confident as usual, and also cautious in every movement. The whole world was enjoying that serene peace, that warmth, that calm sweetness and azure drowsiness.

Timon and Cinna seemed also to dissolve in that sunny rest. The sick woman closed her eyes as if a light sleep had seized her; and nothing interrupted that silence except sighs, which from time to time raised her breast.

Meanwhile Cinna noticed that his shadow had lost its lengthened form and was lying there under his feet.

It was midday.

All at once Antea opened her eyes and called out in a kind of strange voice—

"Caius, give me thy hand."

He sprang up, and all the blood was stiffened to ice in his heart. The hour of terrible visions had come.

Her eyes opened wider and wider.

"Dost thou see," said she, "how light collects there and binds the air; how it trembles, glitters, and approaches me?"

"Antea, look not in that direction!" cried Cinna.

But, oh, wonder! there was no fear on her face. Her lips were parted; her eyes were gazing, and opening wider and wider; a certain immeasurable delight began to brighten her face.

"The pillar of light approaches me," said she. "See! that is he; that is the Nazarene! —he is smiling. O Mild! O Merciful! The transfixed hands he stretches out like a mother to me. Caius, he brings me health, salvation, and calls me to himself."

Cinna grew very pale, and said—

"Whithersoever he calls us, let us follow him."

A moment later, on the other side, on the stony path leading to the city, appeared Pontius Pilate. Before he had come near, it was evident from his face that he was bringing news, which, as a man of judgment, he considered a fresh, absurd invention of the ignorant and credulous rabble. In fact, while still at some distance, he began to call, wiping perspiration from his brow—

"Imagine to thyself, they declare that he has risen from the dead!"

❀

No man can pass into eternity, for he is already in it. The dead are no more in eternity now than they always were, or than every one of us is at this moment. We may ignore the things eternal; shut our eyes hard to them; live as though they had no existence—nevertheless, eternity is around us here, now, at this moment, at all moments; and it will have been around us every day of our ignorant, sinful, selfish lives. Its stars are ever over our head, while we are so diligent in the dust of our worldliness, or in the tainted stream of our desires. The dull brute globe moves through its ether and knows it not; even so our souls are bathed in eternity and are never conscious of it.—*Canon Farrar.*

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Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending December 10. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

NOVELS AND TALES

Some of *The Smart Set* (in which Mr. Clyde Fitch professes to give us, through the medium of imaginary letters and conversations, the point of view of ultra-fashionable New York "society") is superficially clever, much of it obtrusively vulgar, and all of it exceedingly depressing; for it is melancholy to think that "society" includes so many men and women who are coarse, contemptible, and little-minded. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

It is refreshing, in these times of the psychological and sexual "society" novel, to turn to such a collection of stories as Octave Thanet's *A Book of True Lovers*, for here is not only literary workmanship of a very high quality, but a healthful and hopeful interpretation of the unpowdered, unpainted, and unspoiled "common people," full of genuine humor, pathos, sentiment, and feeling. Such stories as "The Strike at Glasscock's," "The Judgment on Mrs. Swift," and "Abbylonia's Surrender" are good tonics for the reader who sometimes wonders whether common honesty and the plain virtues are going to decay. It is characteristic of Octave Thanet's work that it confirms the judgment of such straightforward philosophers as Abraham Lincoln, who believed that the American Nation derives its energy, vitality, and power, not from the "smart set," but from the plain people. (Way & Williams, Chicago.)

The School for Saints, by "John Oliver Hobbes," is a long and somewhat discursive but on the whole interesting story of the literary, political, and amatory adventures of a peculiar Englishman of the Disraeli school. In style and construction it is a singular combination of Anthony Hope, Anthony Trollope, and Mrs. Humphry Ward—if such a mixture can be imagined. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Brokenburne, by Virginia F. Boyle, is a story of old-time Southern life. It has been widely heralded as being much like the work of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, and one feels at least that the author is much under the influence of Mr. Page's former stories. The story has genuine pathos in it, but it is over-written, and there is an excess of the dialect—which, by the way, is by no means equal to the negro dialect of Mr. Page, Mr. Edwards, or Mr. Harris. The illustration of the book is far from satisfactory. (E. R. Herrick & Co., New York.)

Under the title *Lin McLean* Mr. Owen Wister collects half a dozen short stories, all having the typical cowboy as their central figure. Mr. Wister always makes his characters clear-cut and interesting, and these stories are equal to his best work. The illustrations by Frederic Remington are quite in the spirit of the author. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A quite charming edition of Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey* has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., of this city. The illustrations are by Mr. T. H. Robinson, and are worthy of special praise for the neatness of the drawing and the correct conception of character. No doubt Sterne will be longest remembered by this book, which shows forth his genius and his faults in the strongest light.

Mr. M. Imlay Taylor will be remembered as the author of a spirited Russian historical novel called "On the Red Staircase," which has attained a wide reading the past year. He has now written a second novel of the same general description, called *An Imperial Lover*. Again the scene is the Russian court, this time in the reign of Peter the Great, who plays a very important part in the plot. The tale is one of love, of intrigue, and of adventure, and seems to us even better than its predecessor. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

The printing of a new edition of *Iva Kildare: A Matrimonial Problem*, by L. B. Walford (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), is a proof of its popularity.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

Christianity the World-Religion consists of a series of lectures delivered in India and Japan by John Henry Barrows, D.D. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) It is known to our readers that Mrs. Haskell gave to the University of Chicago the sum of $20,000 for the founding of a lectureship on the relations

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of Christianity to the other religions, to be given at some point in India where they might be attended by educated Hindus familiar with the English language. Dr. Barrows, President of the World's First Parliament of Religions, was selected to give the first course of lectures, and the permanent course is to bear his name. We have heretofore expressed in various ways our conviction that the comparison of Christianity with other forms of religious life is in every way beneficial; its tendency will be, on the one hand, to clear away from Christianity, as it exists in the creeds and customs of our time, much that is purely accidental and provincial, and, on the other hand, to bring out that which is permanent and universal; and so the result will be at once to prove to those who profess the Christian faith, and to those who do not know what it is, that it is truly a universal and a world religion. This conception underlies Dr. Barrows's lectures, and is intimated in the title of his book, and no less by the titles of the chapters, as, for example, "The World-Wide Effects of Christianity," "The Universal Book," "The Universal Man and Saviour." His lectures are popular, untechnical, lucid in style, and deal with fundamental principles. They neither enter into theological refinements nor employ theological terminology. As a book at once of definitions and of evidences—of definitions which are in themselves evidences—the book will be of very considerable value to American readers, and will perhaps suggest to American preachers a largeness of scope and a breadth of treatment, the employment of which in the pulpit would not be without great advantages.

The Service of God is the appropriate title of a volume of sermons, essays, and addresses by the Warden of Toynbee Hall, London. As Canon Barnett well says, "The service of God is the service of men." His book "represents words forced from the writer, not by the study of books, but by twenty-five years' experience of his fellow-men in East London." The volume has to do first with the common relations between men and classes, next with the inner life, while in the last part some reforms are suggested. The book is more practically religious than most; it deals with uninspired philanthropy, with "the unexpressed thoughts of the poor," with godliness and social justice, with church and charity reform. It is full of "the thoughts which surround God," and of such noble thinking for men—especially for the downtrodden—as comes from Canon Barnett's noble experience. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

Hints on Bible Study is a small volume containing essays from a number of well-known writers. The articles by Bishop Ellicott, Dr. Trumbull, and Professor Stevens are specially worth reading. (John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia.)

Volume I. of a new and important enterprise has just appeared, and is especially commendable by reason of its restful print. The Christian Literature Company, of New York, have undertaken an American edition of *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Professor Max Müller. There will be "twenty-four volumes bound in twelve books," and the edition will be sold by subscription.

A second edition has appeared of the Rev. R. B. Girdlestone's *Synonyms of the Old Testament*, a work of much philological and exegetical value. (James Nisbet & Co., London.)

As the Rev. W. D. Crockett well says, what the Gospels are to the New Testament, as the field for historical study, the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles are to the Old; they are the principal sources of that Testament's history and chronology. Hence, as we recognize the indispensable aid of a Harmony of the Gospels, we welcome the *Harmony of the Books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles*, by the Rev. W. D. Crockett. (Eaton & Mains, New York.) It seems strange indeed that we have had no adequate work of the kind. Mr. Crockett has given us not only a harmony but an analytical outline. This latter feature has as much value as the harmony itself, and the work will undoubtedly meet with wide acceptance and appreciation.

Messrs. E. R. Herrick & Co. (New York) announce a revision by the Rev. Dr. G. M. Adams of *Gray's Biblical Museum*, that famous compilation of explanatory, homiletic, and illustrative notes on the Bible. Vol. I., which has just appeared, comprises the Gospels and the Acts, and in its revised form will be of greater use than ever to clergymen and teachers. Such helps are capital when rightly used by the self-helpful; it is to be feared, however, that the lazy rely entirely too much on ready-made illustration.

Mr. W. H. Hall has published, through Messrs. J. D. Wattles & Co. (Philadelphia), a small volume entitled *Guide-Boards for Teachers in the Sunday-School*. Guide-boards are typical of Sunday-school teachers and their

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works; they stand at the parting of the ways, and at points of difficulty or doubt. Some boards need renewing, some guide too much, some are not in place, etc. The book is a needed admonitor.

Another timely publication is entitled *Practical Primary Plans for Primary Teachers of the Sunday-School*, and is by Mr. I. P. Black. The book includes a series of papers published in the "Sunday-School Times," together with much new matter. The plans and suggestions offered are practical and useful. Not the least valuable feature is an appendix comprising lists of books, lesson helps, lesson picture-cards, primary song-books, blackboard helps, maps, kindergarten appliances, etc. (The F. H. Revell Company, New York.)

POETRY

The eleventh volume of the Outward Bound edition of the *Works* of Rudyard Kipling is devoted to his verse. The amount is extraordinary, and it must be admitted that there is not a little included which is either of an ephemeral character or is far below the author's best. On the other hand, many readers will be surprised to find so much that is genuine and strong. Kipling's greatest poem, "The Recessional," was written too late to allow of its being here printed. It is impossible to turn the pages of the volume over and to read here and there among the "Barrack Room Ballads" and songs originally included in the volume called "The Seven Seas" without being deeply impressed with the versatility and originality of the writer. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

An extremely satisfactory one-volume edition of the *Poems* of Elizabeth Barrett Browning has just been issued by The Macmillan Company (New York). The recently renewed interest in Mrs. Browning, aroused by the volumes of delightful letters from her pen, makes the publication of this edition of her poems particularly timely and welcome. In all respects the volume is what it should be typographically and in external form. It includes several poems not in other collected editions; and is thus really the first complete edition, with, of course, all Mrs. Browning's final revisions. Two prose essays of no great value are included.

An *édition de luxe* of Owen Meredith's *Lucile* is issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company (New York) in a large and heavy quarto. It contains twelve facsimiles of water-color pictures by Madeleine Lemaire, besides numerous black-and-white sketches. The water-colors share the sentimentality of the poem, and are often amusing—sometimes intentionally and sometimes unintentionally. The black-and-white pictures vary greatly, but seem to us hardly as well done as might be expected in a book evidently published with great care and at considerable expense. We are told that this novel in verse retains in large measure its popularity of a generation ago, and doubtless many readers will be glad to see it in this form.

The Wooing of Malkatoon, an Oriental poem by General Lew Wallace, unlike some of his very successful work in prose fiction, is laborious reading, and seems to us also to be labored writing. The same volume contains *Commodus*, a Roman tragedy in blank verse by the same author. We prefer the prose versions of the story of the play by Gibbon and De Quincey, to which General Wallace refers in his introduction. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A charming book from the publisher's standpoint is Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's *The Children of the Night*, and a charming book, too, from the reader's. Mr. Robinson's verses are of unequal merit; some lines have misplaced emphasis; many have a genuine song-swing; all have an underlying seriousness. The "Octaves" are peculiarly characteristic in this respect; there is the adequate expression of one who is both thinker and artist in "The Pity of the Leaves," and there is an "In Memoriam" faith in the final "L'Envoi." (R. G. Badger & Co., Boston.)

Rampolli, a book of translations, chiefly from German poems, by Mr. George Macdonald, gives us not only the spirit and matter, but often also the form used by Luther, Novalis, Goethe, Schiller, and others. To their poems is appended the author's "A Year's Diary of an Old Soul," a work full of introspection and aspiration. The volume is a distinct help towards the spiritual life. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The Old House is a collection of poems and sketches by Grace Duffie Boylan, illustrated by several artists. The story of "Eph'rum's Matrimonial Surprises" is humorous to the last degree. The prose far surpasses the poetry, except the one poem, "A New Woman." (E. R. Herrick & Co., New York.)

TRAVEL, ETC.

Richard Harding Davis, if not the King, is unquestionably the Prince of Reporters,

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and his latest volume, *A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book*, will strengthen his right to that title. The volume contains some readable descriptions, previously contributed to various periodicals, of the Czar's Coronation, President McKinley's Inauguration, Queen Victoria's Jubilee, the Cuban Rebellion, the Turco-Grecian War, and the Millennial Celebration in Budapest—certainly a remarkable lot of things to have happened in one year. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Another bit of interesting and readable journalism in book covers is *Going to War in Greece*, by Frederic Palmer. Like most of the other unprejudiced accounts of the "struggle" of Greece, it gives rather a sorry picture of the incapacity and bad management of the Greek army. (R. H. Russell, New York.)

Mr. E. A. Reynolds-Ball has published, through Messrs. Estes & Lauriat (Boston), *The City of the Caliphs*, an interesting account of Cairo. The author's previous book gives special point to the chapters on "Cairo as a Resort for Invalids" and "The Nile as a Health Resort." Next to these in popular interest is the closing chapter on "Recent Egyptological Discoveries." The volume is well worth reading.

The publishers of the volume on Hawaii by Mr. John R. Musick have done everything in their power to prejudice the reader against the book. In the first place, they have given it the title of *Hawaii: Our New Possessions*. This asserts the existence as a fact of that which, for aught the publishers know, may not ever be a fact. In the second place, they have put upon the cover what is supposed to be the figure of a native Hawaiian riding on a wave; this is such a frightful and apparently dislocated specimen of humanity that if it were to be taken as a fair sample of the Hawaiian native it would go far to make one hope that the day when such natives should become Americans may be far off indeed. The book itself is better than its outward appearance. It contains a great deal of interesting information about the Hawaiian Islands in many aspects—commercial, agricultural, ethnological, and so on. As might be expected, it gives all the arguments for annexation; and though it purports to contain a summary of both sides of the question, the adverse side is very poorly presented. The book would have been better if it had been carefully edited and considerably condensed. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.)

ESSAYS, ETC.

In Tune with the Infinite, by Ralph Waldo Trine, is a volume of philosophizing and rhapsodizing over the unseen forces in the universe and in ourselves, and the peace which comes from a sense of the harmony of these forces. The author's expression is "the fullness of peace, power, and plenty." (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Boston.)

Citizenship and Salvation, by Alfred H. Lloyd, Ph.D. (Harvard), Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan, is a volume expounding the author's philosophy of history from the texts afforded by the death of Socrates and the death of Christ. Unfortunately, the author's admiration for these men has not led him to imitate their manner of thought and speech. His is obscure in a degree trying even to schoolmen, and intolerable to persons accustomed to think and speak for practical ends to practical people. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Social Facts and Forces, by Washington Gladden, is a series of public-spirited, scholarly, and vigorous lectures on "The Factory," "The Labor Union," "The Corporation," "The Railway," "The City," and "The Church." All these subjects Dr. Gladden treats with a breadth of view and depth of moral insight that give the lectures a rare value. He is pre-eminently the prophet of the new morality which new industrial conditions have made necessary. This new morality, it need hardly be said, differs in no wise from the old, except that it recognizes the need of applying thought and conscience to certain relations which were unimportant in the days of the stage-coach, when nearly all our population was rural or village, and when even in the cities employers and employed worked side by side in close individual relationships. The first lecture reviews with uncommon common sense the gains and losses from the substitution of the factory system for the old system of small shops or independent home production. Dr. Gladden has read what the authorities say, but he has tested their statements by his own close observation, and the result is an indefinitely clearer and truer view of what has taken place. Dr. Gladden is as far from the optimism of the conservative economists of to-day as he is from the pessimism of the conservative economists of Malthusian days. To him the new creed that things are getting better, no matter how little conscience is exercised, is as repugnant and

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untrue as the old creed that things will get no better no matter how much we struggle in that direction. The labor union Dr. Gladden shows to be the inevitable and wholesome outcome of the new relationships between employers and employed. When he comes to the railroad question, Dr. Gladden takes bolder grounds, and presents more powerfully than we have elsewhere seen it the power over the fortunes of all the people exercised by the owners of the highways. This power he believes to be greater than the power of taxation exercised by the government itself. The whole book is full of invigorating thought, and is to be recommended to every one who feels the growing importance of public duties. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

BIOGRAPHY

A Life for Africa, by Ellen C. Parsons, is a thoroughly good book. It is a biography of A. C. Good, a young missionary of the finest type—a man of strong common sense as well as self-sacrificing spirit, and one whose religious life was so full of health that it could not help communicating itself to the African savages among whom he worked. The biography is as free from cant as was its subject, and records experiences of great interest and significance. The difficulties put in the way of Protestant missionary work by the French Government under the influence of Jesuit missionaries are of great interest to political students. It is noteworthy that when an order came closing all schools not taught in French, Mr. Good would not have objected to it had it simply forbidden teaching in English. He was inclined to regard the teaching of English as a curse, as he recognized that the spiritual work for Africans must be done in their own tongue. He utterly rejected the doctrine—so acceptable to people with more culture than religion—that people must be civilized before they can be Christianized. The process that brought results was just the reverse. His practical sense and Christian spirit were also exemplified in his taking part in manual work and teaching the natives to do it, instead of importing his supplies from Europe and relieving himself from the ordinary duties of life in order to devote himself exclusively to the professedly higher forms of service. (Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

In the introduction to *Mother Goose in Prose*, by L. Frank Baum (Way & Williams, Chicago), the author has presented a short essay on the origin of the Mother Goose rhymes. Some of these rhymes are offshoots of ancient folk-lore songs, and have descended from many generations. He says that "Rhymes of the Nursery," or "Lulla-Byes for Children," published in 1650, contain many of the identical pieces which have been attributed to the Boston lady, Eliza Goose, who, it is claimed by some, wrote these jingles only in the eighteenth century. The London edition contained "Little Jack Horner," "Old King Cole," and several of the others. In 1697 there was published in France a children's book of tales entitled "Contes de ma Mère Oye," by Charles Perrault. An English edition of this work was issued in 1888, edited by Andrew Lang. The author of "Mother Goose in Prose" doubts the story told of the printing of the American Mother Goose, which attributed the rhymes to Eliza Goose, a member of a wealthy family, whose name was also written Vergoose and Vertigoose. The printing of this edition was said to have been done by a printer who was annoyed by the air of importance assumed by his mother-in-law after the birth of her grandchild. This edition bears on its title-page the date 1719, sixty-nine years after the printing of the London book. The author believes that the Boston book, or the Fleet's Book, as it is known, was partly a reprint of an English collection. In the present book one of the Mother Goose rhymes heads each story, the legend of the "Four and Twenty Blackbirds in the King's Pie" being told in prose with freshness and vigor and most entertainingly, the tucked-away moral being Courage. In "The Little Boy Blue" the story of a loving child's devotion to his mother and the good that came to him is told in such a way as to make loyalty a virtue. So each rhyme has its story and moral. The book is illustrated by Maxfield Parrish, and many of the pictures are beautiful.

The songs written for children by Isaac Watts have been gathered together and published under the title of *Childhood Songs of Long Ago*, with illustrations by Blanche McManus. (E. R. Herrick & Co., New York.) The full-page illustrations are quaint and interesting; especially so the full-page illustration "Against Pride in Clothes," the appearance of intelligence in the faces of the sheep being particularly amusing.

The author of "Not Like Other Girls" and "Wee Wifey" has written a very attract-

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ive series of character portraits entitled *Other People's Lives*. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.) Rosa Nouchette Carey has, in this book, taken the incidents and characters in the families of a little English community and woven them together in a story, or rather in seven stories. Especially attractive is the division "The Two Mothers."

A Daughter of Two Nations, by Ella G. McClelland (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), is a rather confused and bewildering story of a kidnapped child, a revengeful uncle, a journey from France to America, a group of charming Quakers, and a little French girl's journey to Washington with papers taken from General Howe. The story is dedicated to the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

Ruth Ogden, in *Little Homespun* (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York), continues the story of "Courage." While a sequel, the story is not tied so closely to "Courage" as to prevent its independent life. Money left to a warm-hearted girl makes it possible for her to give happiness to many. There is a tiny love story in the last chapter.

Castle Daffodil, by Martha Burr Banks (The Pilgrim Press, Boston), is the story of a delightful family of children who do most original things in most original ways. They carry their message of love and good will, and bring brightness into the lives of those who need what children only can give.

MISCELLANEOUS

Professor Montrose Ramsey, of Columbian University, already known as the compiler of perhaps the best of Spanish grammars, has now accentuated his title to recognition by the publication of *An Elementary Spanish Reader*. In this book the emphasis is laid on the short story, not on extracts from longer works. The notes and vocabulary are remarkably full. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Mr. William S. Walsh is the most indefatigable of compilers. Two or three stout volumes previously published attest his skill and industry in that direction. To the list must now be added *Curiosities of Popular Customs*. In about a thousand pages the editor has brought together an immense amount of curious lore of the kind that is found in "Chambers's Book of Days" and many other separated sources. The book supplements an ordinary encyclopædia, and offers a convenient method of referring to certain classes of subjects which cannot be found treated elsewhere in one volume. Moreover, it affords very agreeable reading to any one who will turn over the leaves and pick out here and there odd legends, myths, or folk-lore stories. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

The volume of *The Century Magazine* for the six months ending with last October is at least equal to former volumes in its literary interest, and in all that relates to art as well. One can hardly begin to select special features for mention without feeling that it is impossible to include all that is worthy, and invidious to mention a few things only. It will not be forgotten, however, that Dr. Mitchell's fine novel, "Hugh Wynne," General Porter's "Campaigning with Grant," Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "Cathedrals of France," Mr. T. Cole's reproductions from the Old English Masters, and Mr. John Muir's papers on Alaska are contained in this volume. It is true, also, that there are here an unusual number of interesting short single articles. (The Century Company, New York.)

St. Nicholas for 1897 also comes to us in two handsome volumes. They contain, among other things, two of the very best serial stories for young people ever printed—John Bennett's "Master Skylark" and W. H. Shelton's war story, "The Last Three Soldiers." Outside of fiction there is nothing more notable than the fine series of articles by Mr. Charles T. Hill on the New York Fire Department. (The Century Company, New York.)

The bound volume of Harper's *Round Table*, just published, marks the transition from the weekly to the monthly form. During the past year serials by Kirk Munroe, Captain Charles King, and others have been published, and the volumes are particularly rich in sketches of travel, adventure, and hunting. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The Decoration of Houses, by Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman, Jr., is a much more valuable product of good taste and expert knowledge than the first glance at the bizarre binding and inappropriate illustrations would lead the reader to expect. The authors have made a readable, instructive, and authoritative plea for the elegance of simplicity and fitness as opposed to the vulgarity of display and overelaboration. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Last week Mrs. Janet Carlyle Hanning died at Toronto. She was eighty-five years of age, and was a sister of Thomas Carlyle.

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Literary Notes

—A sequel and complement to "En Route" will appear before the end of the year. It will be entitled "La Cathédrale." In this new book M. Huysmans treats of the interior life of the Trappists.

—Charlotte Brontë's schoolfellow and intimate friend, Ellen Nussey, died recently in England, at the age of eighty-three. Miss Nussey officiated as bridesmaid at the Brontë wedding. She possessed nearly four hundred letters written to her by Charlotte Brontë, and these have been used by Mrs. Gaskell and subsequent biographers.

—In his lately published "Reminiscences" Dean Farrar says that the first proofs of Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinai was visible "the horn of the burning beast"! This was a fearfully apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the Burning Bush." The original proof-sheets also stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of—Jones"!

—The London "Literary World" chronicles this amusing incident in connection with Dr. Paul Carus's story, "Karma:"

The little tale originally appeared in "The Open Court," and, having struck there the fancy of Count Leo Tolstoï, was translated by that author into Russian. Everything Tolstoï publishes is immediately turned into French—and so was "Karma." A gentleman who was scouring the literary main in search of booty for English markets lighted upon the little craft which now bore the name of Tolstoï on its stern, and towed it into port at the office of the "International," a monthly magazine in Chicago, but three doors from the "Open Court." There the story was translated back into English, and appeared in the November number. It was not until recently, long after the appearance of the Japanese edition of "Karma," that the error was discovered.

Books Received

For the week ending December 10

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK
McCaskey, J. P. The Lincoln Literary Collection. $1.

WILMER ATKINSON CO., PHILADELPHIA
Biggle, Jacob. Biggle Cow Book. 50 cts.

RICHARD G. BADGER & CO., BOSTON
Robinson, Edwin A. The Children of the Night. $1.25.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
St. Nicholas. Vol. XXIV. Parts I. and II.
The Century Magazine. Vol. LIV.

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE CO., NEW YORK
Müller, F. Max. The Upanishads (Translation). $2.50.

HORACE COX, LONDON, ENGLAND
Black, L. M. P. For His Country's Sake.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK
Trine, Ralph Waldo. In Tune with the Infinite. $1.25.

DOUBLEDAY & M'CLURE CO., NEW YORK
Prayers, Ancient and Modern. $1.
Hymns That Have Helped. Edited by W. T. Stead. 75 cts.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK
Crockett, William D. A Harmony of the Books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. $2.

ESTES & LAURIAT, BOSTON
Reynolds-Ball, Eustace A. The City of the Caliphs. $3.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., NEW YORK
Musick, John R. Hawaii: Our New Possessions. $2.75.

GINN & CO., BOSTON
Lamont, Hammond. Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Wallace, Lew. The Wooing of Malkatoon; Commodus. $2.50.
Davis, Richard Harding. A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book. $1.50.
Wister, Owen. Lin McLean. $1.50.
Harper's Round Table, 1897. $3.50.

E. R. HERRICK & CO., NEW YORK
Boyle, Virginia F. Brokenburne: A Southern Auntie's War Tale.
McManus, Blanche. Isaac Watts's Childhood Songs of Long Ago.
Boylan, Grace D. The Old House.
Gray, James C. The Biblical Museum. Vol. I. The New Testament.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK
Ramsey, M. N. Elementary Spanish Reader. $1.

INTERNATIONAL BOOK CO., CHICAGO
Brorup, R. P. Truth and Poetry. 40 cts.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., NEW YORK
Lady's Pictorial (Christmas Number, 1897).
Figaro Illustré (Christmas Number, 1897).
The Graphic (Christmas Number, 1897).
Illustrated London News (Christmas Number, 1897).

LEVYTYPE CO., PHILADELPHIA
Dumas, W. T. The Golden Day, and Other Poems.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA
Walsh, William S. Curiosities of Popular Customs. $3.50.
Carey, Rosa N. Other People's Lives. $1.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON
Lloyd, Alfred H. Citizenship and Salvation; or, Greek and Jew.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Barnett, S. A. The Service of God. $2.
Macdonald, George. Rampolli. $1.75.
Walford, L. B. Iva Kildare. $1.50.
Sterne, Laurence. A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy. $1.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. Complete Poetical Works. $1.75.

A. C. M'CLURG & CO., CHICAGO
Spalding, J. L. Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education. $1.
Taylor, M. Imlay. An Imperial Lover. $1.25.
Barrows, John Henry, D.D. Christianity the World-Religion. $1.50.
McClelland, Ella G. A Daughter of Two Nations. $1.25.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, BOSTON
Banks, Martha B. Castle Daffodil. $1.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Gladden, Washington. Social Facts and Forces. $1.25.
Scott, Walter. Rob Roy. $1.
Thackeray, W. M. Vanity Fair. $1.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Girdlestone, Rev. Robert B. Synonyms of the Old Testament. $3.
Black, Israel P. Practical Primary Plans. $1.
Parsons, Ellen C. A Life for Africa. $1.25.

R. H. RUSSELL, NEW YORK
Palmer, Frederick. Going to War in Greece. $1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Wharton, Edith, and Ogden Codman, Jr. The Decoration of Houses. $4.
Kipling, Rudyard. Complete Works. Vol. XI.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK
Hobbes, John Oliver. The School for Saints. $1.50.
Ogden, Ruth (Mrs. C. W. Ide). Little Homespun. $1.25.
Meredith, Owen. Lucile. (Edition de Luxe.) $4.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO., CHICAGO
Fitch, Clyde. The Smart Set.

UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, BOSTON
A Daily Message for Christian Endeavorers. Compiled by Mrs. F. E. Clark. $1.

JOHN D. WATTLES & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Trumbull, H. Clay. John H. Vincent and Others. Hints on Bible Study. 75 cts.
Hall, W. H. Guide-Boards for Teachers in the Sunday-School. 75 cts.

WAY & WILLIAMS, CHICAGO
Thanet, Octave. A Book of True Lovers. $1.25.
Baum, L. Frank. Mother Goose in Prose. $2.

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The Religious World

A Good Work by the Evangelical Alliance

The Evangelical Alliance of the United States has started a branch of work which ought to do a great deal of good. It has begun the publication of a series of leaflets entitled "Truths for the Times," and is seeking to arrange for their distribution throughout the country by interesting the various organizations of young people, like the Christian Endeavor Society and the Epworth League. One series will have relation to foreign Americans, and will discuss such subjects as "The Meaning and Value of Naturalization;" "The Rights of the Naturalized Citizen;" "The Duties of the Naturalized Citizen;" "The Value of a Vote;" "The Fundamental Principles of American Institutions." Among those already published we notice one on "The Church and Present Problems of Citizenship," by Washington Gladden; one on "Good Citizenship," by Bishop Huntington; one on "The Co-operative City," by Professor Commons; one on "The New Patriotism," by Josiah Strong, and one on "The Duty of a Public Spirit," by President Andrews. This enterprise seems to us wise and feasible. It is the adoption of the principle of the tract, with the advantage that it circulates literature which is valuable in itself and has relation to classes of topics in which the people are interested, while at the same time it gives to them information which is of immediate and evident value.

Professor Denney's Inaugural

Professor James Denney, who at one time was called to a chair in Chicago Theological Seminary, has just been inaugurated as a professor in the Glasgow Free Church Presbyterian College. In entering upon his duties as Professor of Systematic Theology he delivered an address which has excited much interest. He maintains earnestly that the claims of dogmatic theology must be admitted, and pleads for them a large place in religious thought and life. In the course of his address he expressed himself forcibly concerning the attitude of those who place the authority of Christ in contrast with that of the Apostles. He held that the consciousness of all the New Testament writers is one, and that it does not differ from that of our Lord. He made an earnest plea for metaphysics in theology—for the theologian has "to reconcile the human and divine elements in Christianity, and to harmonize in one system as far as possible the different facts brought to light by a study of Scripture and the various sciences." He was equally emphatic in his statement that creeds, which are the expression of the Church's faith at a given stage, should not be regarded as of permanent authority. They are educational, and tell how the Church understands her experience at certain periods, but should not be invested with permanent obligations. The career of Professor Denney in his new position will be followed with much interest. His theological writings have already excited enthusiasm among his friends. It remains to be seen whether his promise as a thinker will be followed by his achievement as a professor.

The Right Kind of a Missionary Secretary

Very delightful accounts are reaching this country of a reception to Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, who are visiting China. Dr. Baldwin is a missionary secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the reception given to him and his wife the North China Conference passed resolutions of welcome to their visitors and of appreciation of Dr. Baldwin's long service in the field and as Secretary of the Missionary Society in New York. One statement in the resolutions is worth repeating here. They say concerning the Secretary: "No missionary has ever consulted him, either in the office or by correspondence, without being made to feel the warm touch of sympathy and to be convinced that he had in Dr. Baldwin a valuable adviser and a loving brother." This extract reveals the ideal relation between the secretary at home and the missionary on the field, but it does not always exist. More than once we have known missionaries to say that they have received scant courtesy from those who had direction of the affairs at home, and from other information we are sure that the missionary interpretation of the facts was correct. The missionary service is peculiar. Long absence from home creates a social hunger that is not easily satisfied. When the missionary returns, he not unnaturally

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expects brotherly sympathy from those who know best about his work; and while he is in the field he expects, and has a right to expect, something more than an official relation with those who have the direction of the society in whose service he labors. It is not always easy to meet these just demands. The resolutions of the North China Conference show that at least one secretary does not fail in this difficult work. Of course the list could be indefinitely extended, but there are occasional exceptions, and for their benefit we have made this quotation.

Methodist Missions

We have had occasion once or twice to make additions to a recent statement as to the charitable gifts of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North. Our figures were taken from official sources, but were evidently incomplete. We gladly make a place for the following, which refers to an omission in the table of statistics from which we quoted:

In your Religious World department in the issue of November 20, after stating that the cash receipts of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church were last year $1,131,940.67, to which should be added $44,629.05 "special gifts," you say: "We believe this includes the total gifts of the Methodist Church for both home and foreign missions." This is an error. The above amounts do not include $313,937.86 contributed by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and $132,827.59 given by the Woman's Home Missionary Society—a total of $446,765.45, which the parent Board does not administer, and hence does not include in its report. In addition to this there was contributed through the Supply Bureau of the W. H. M. S. $71,452.95 in supplies to Homes and frontier preachers, over $6,000 of which was cash.

Forefathers' Day

The Congregational clubs, churches, and associations during this week in many ways are celebrating the landing of the Pilgrims. They do well to do so, since Congregational history in this country dates from that event. During the last few years there has been a revival of interest in Pilgrim history. Perhaps the meeting of the International Council in London in 1891 had much to do with this revival. Since then many books have appeared on the subject, and there is much study of the events which led the Fathers to leave England and come to the New World. The Congregational Club in New York observed this occasion by choosing for its subject "The Making of Our Nation." The Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., of New York, spoke on "The Huguenots;" the Rev. Father Sylvester Malone, of Brooklyn, on "The Roman Catholics;" the Rev. Daniel Van Pelt, D.D., of Astoria, on "The Dutch;" and the Rev. A. J. Lyman, D.D., of Brooklyn, on "The English." In similar ways throughout the country the day was worthily observed.

A Semi-Centennial

The semi-centennial anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Daniel L. Furber, D.D., over the First Church in Newton, Mass., was an occasion of great interest. The church has had but ten pastors in two hundred and thirty-three years. One of these, Dr. Homer, held his office for fifty-seven years. The celebration began on Sunday, November 28. Dr. Furber repeated the first sermon which he delivered in the pulpit at the beginning of his ministry. The text was 1 Kings xix., 12, "After the fire, a still small voice." There were twenty-five or more persons in the audience who heard the discourse fifty years ago. The following Sunday, December 5, Dr. Furber reviewed his ministry of fifty years. In speaking of the three great blessings God had bestowed upon him he enumerated "a good church, such a wife as not one minister in ten thousand is blessed with, and spiritual refreshing which enabled him to testify to the Gospel of the grace of God." Neighboring pastors and friends took part in the service. Upon the programme were printed the names of eight present members of the church who were admitted before he began his ministry. Dr. Furber for years has been an intimate friend of Professor Park, of Andover. Perhaps no man now living is a more perfect example of a minister of the old school in New England than the Pastor Emeritus of the First Church in Newton. We give to him and to the church he has so long served congratulations over this anniversary.

Mrs. Booth and Her Work

Our readers will be very sorry to hear that Mrs. Ballington Booth has been taken quite seriously ill, and is now laid aside from her work absolutely, and is in the hospital for treatment. She has been suffering ever since last summer with pain in her side and arm, which she has attributed to neuralgia, but which is due to other causes. Our readers know something also of the splendid work which she has done in establishing Hope Hall to aid her in the work of rescuing pris-

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oners, who, without some helping hand coupled with wise and discriminating judgment, are often forced back into paths of crime from which they vainly struggle to emerge. The establishment of this Hall, and the securing of employment for prisoners whose characters she has investigated and of whose earnestness of moral purpose she is persuaded, has been her distinctive work, and has been almost wholly dependent upon her personal endeavors. From all this activity she is for a time laid aside, and it can be well imagined how the burden presses upon her and adds to the difficulty of her recovery. Her own life may depend upon aid extended to her for this work at this time, thus lifting the present burden from her mind; it may depend upon the promptitude with which this aid is furnished. We write from some personal acquaintance both with Mrs. Booth and with this work, and commend it and her heartily to any of our readers who are able and inclined to come to her rescue in this emergency. Money can be sent to, and information can be obtained from, her private secretary, Miss Jennie B. Hughes, 34 Union Square, New York.

The Seamen's Christian Association of the City of New York

This Association is situated at No. 665 Washington Street, and deserves mention for the good work which it is doing along rescue lines for the seamen. It was started about eleven years ago in what had been a saloon, with very limited means, and in a very small way. The work is unsectarian in its management, and lies largely among stokers, firemen, engineers, and boatmen generally along the river front on West Street. All are welcomed, of whatever nationality, creed, or color, and come to the Mission in response to the visits and invitations of the faithful missionary. Every transatlantic steamer is represented, and many of the men are of fair intelligence, well behaved, and appreciative of kindness and encouragement. Besides the regular meetings (at which the statistics for one month show an aggregate attendance of 1,567), temporary lodging and food and clothing are furnished to such as need them. Gospel services are held every evening except Saturday, and the room is open daily from two to ten P.M. Seamen on entering port come directly to this place to receive and answer letters, for which provision is made. Letters frequently come to the Mission from the friends of the men expressing gratitude for the care and kindness shown wayward sons, husbands, and brothers; also from the men themselves, acknowledging spiritual help and an impetus to lead a better life received at the Mission. This is a noble work, and one for which there is a distinct place in our great city; but it has far outgrown its accommodations, and requires either a new building or an enlargement of the present one before it can do its best work. It is now obliged to combine chapel, reading, writing, refreshments, and recreation in one small room, and its progress is greatly hampered by lack of funds. Visitors are always welcome, and any who are wishing to help a really worthy cause will do well to go and see for themselves what this Seamen's Christian Association is doing, and what are its needs.

The Catholic Church in France

The influence of the Roman Church in France, in spite of the secularistic tendencies of the mass of the people, is still very great. The higher education of children, especially those of the upper classes, is in the hands of the religious orders. The Jesuits are leaders in the cause of education. They are followed by the Eridistes, the Dominicans, and the Oratorians. The most prominent members of these orders and those most conspicuous before the public seem to regard it a privilege to be allowed to undertake the work of teaching the youth. The most conspicuous example of similar service in Great Britain was that of Cardinal Newman, who spent the last decades of his life in teaching boys at the Birmingham Oratory. Lacordaire, the most brilliant preacher of his time, undertook a similar work. The best-known French preacher of to-day, Père Didon, widely known for his "Life of Christ," has disappeared from public view, and is teaching in a Dominican school near Paris. The "British Weekly," in speaking of the prominent preachers of the Roman Church in France, mentions Père Monsabré, "who may be considered the greatest living orator among the Dominicans in France." He has preached in Notre Dame every Lent for seventeen years, and has published his "Conferences" in as many volumes. Another eminent preacher is Père Ollivier, who recently gained a sinister notoriety by declaring in a funeral sermon over the victims of the Charity Bazaar fire that the tragedy was a divine judgment for national sin. The protest against the sermon was so great that it is said

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that "Père Ollivier will hardly recover from the blow which he then dealt to his reputation." The two most eminent preachers in the Roman Catholic Church in France at present are Père Didon and Père Monsabré, and one of these is now engaged in the humble task of teaching French boys, most of whom are under eighteen years of age. It seems a waste of power for such men to be engaged in such work, but perhaps it explains the influence which the Roman Church has so long maintained among the higher classes in France.

Methodist Union in Germany

The union of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Wesleyan Church of England in Germany was recently consummated at Stuttgart. For several years it has been felt that it would be a great advantage to German Methodism if the missions were united. The Episcopalian form seemed to be better suited to the country than the Presbyterian. The difficulties were many. The Wesleyan Church owned property worth $200,000 in chapels and parsonages. There were thirty-two ministers whose love and attachments turned toward old England. They were shepherds over 23,000 souls. The Church in England had been contributing money yearly for the support of the missions, and was proud of the results. But gradually the prejudices of the Wesleyans in Germany and at home were overcome. The last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church proposed a plan of union. The policy of the Church has been to assign a bishop to different conferences every year, so that no bishop would preside at the same conference two successive years, except in India and Africa, where the bishops were elected for jurisdiction in those countries alone. The foreign work has suffered by the plan. There is a belief on the part of not a few that the home work is suffering for the same reason. In this lay a hindrance. But two years ago the board of bishops arranged that those of their number who were assigned to the several mission fields should remain for two years. This has made it possible for Bishop Goodsell to remain in Germany long enough to become fully acquainted with the situation and to arrange for and consummate the union. The Wesleyan preachers, with all the property of the missions, came under the supervision of a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The event was one of great rejoicing and thanksgiving.

Presbyterian Union in South Africa

We have received frnm South Africa a detailed statement of the history, position, and prospects of the Presbyterian Church of that region, of which we have space for only a brief summary. Six years ago a movement was set on foot for promoting union among the Presbyterians in South Africa. A Federal Council was formed to push and carry on the work, which has met annually. Negotiations for union have been conducted in the most friendly spirit. A basis of union was finally agreed upon, and at the meeting of the Council last September four of the presbyteries and one congregation agreed to unite upon that basis. Accordingly "The Presbyterian Church of South Africa" has been formed and the first General Assembly of the United Church constituted, the members being delegates to the Council from the presbyteries which had agreed to enter the Union. There are still three presbyteries outside the Union, but these have declared in favor of it and agreed to its doctrinal basis, and it is hoped will soon cast in their lot with the others. The first resolution adopted was that for a "Church Extension Fund of £20,000 to be raised within two years," showing that the young United Church recognized the vastness and pressing need of the work lying next her hand. It was hoped that this act would stimulate the friends at home to help their immediate necessities while the fund is being raised. Few churches have greater responsibilities and duties or grander opportunities than has the Presbyterian Church of South Africa.

A New Social Settlement

Under the name of the "Orange Valley Social Institute" a new social settlement has been started in Orange, N. J. It is the second of the kind in the State. It is located in the midst of hat-factories and surrounded by a dense population. The work has now been in existence about eight months, and has already proved its right to be. It supports a kindergarten, boys' clubs, and various classes both for men and women. Mr. Bryant Venable is the Head Worker. Just now the most pressing need is for more resident workers to carry out effectively the plans already formed. The only other social settlement in the State is Whittier House, which is located at 174 Grand Street, Jersey City; its work has heretofore been described at some length in this department of The Outlook.

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Correspondence

Question and Answer

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I appreciate the spirit of your editorials on "The Princeton Inn" affair, and I confess to a strong personal sympathy for the venerable Dr. Shields in his retirement from the Church in which he has so long lived and in which he had hoped to die. I wish that this whole liquor question could be discussed in all quarters with less feeling and more reasonableness. But it does not seem to me that you have as yet gone to the root of the matter at all. To bring out my meaning, may I write in the form of questions, which I earnestly desire The Outlook to answer?

Is it not a fact that railway corporations, insurance companies, and great business houses are increasingly suspicious of the man who drinks? Is it not true, indeed, that the man who drinks at all, or is even known to enter a saloon, cannot find employment with certain corporations, like the Chicago and Alton and Lehigh Valley Railroads?

Does not the reason for such rules lie in the fact that the man who drinks at all is very likely to prove an unsafe workman? If so, why does drinking make him unsafe? Is it not because of the effect of alcohol upon his system? If alcohol has such an effect, is it not an unwholesome and dangerous drink?

Is not this testimony from business experience more convincing as to the real nature and effect of alcohol than are certain fine-spun theories which attempt to draw a distinction between the "moderate" stimulant and the "excessive" narcotic effects of alcohol, giving respectability to the former use and taboo only to the latter? Has not experience abundantly shown that, taken into the human system with any considerable degree of frequency or regularity, alcoholic liquors are in effect uniformly disintegrating and destructive of human tissue? and if so, is not the verdict of experience decidedly against the wisdom and safety of using alcoholic liquors as a beverage?

If affirmative answers should be given to these questions, is there any practical value in your plea on behalf of the Princeton Inn that it is "a well-conducted inn, of a high class, having an excellent reputation. . . . The rules of the Inn do not allow distilled liquors to be sold to students, nor even beer to be sold, except to upper classmen"? Is the evil in the place where liquor is sold, or in the liquor itself? Does not experience overwhelmingly attest the truth of the late Judge Pitman's declaration that beer is the most brutalizing and besotting of all drinks? May "upper classmen" safely violate a law of nature, or can the Princeton trustees change the nature and effect of alcohol? Does not Princeton Inn stand directly in the path of truth and progress? and if so, is it worth fighting for?

And finally, if the question really hinges upon the nature and effect of alcohol, as I believe it does, may not persons, Presbyteries and Synods remote from Princeton Inn pass judgment upon the essential facts in the case quite as well as persons on the ground or of special interest, whose testimony concerns only the manner in which alcoholic poison is dealt out to young men?

ALLEN B. LINCOLN.

Willimantic, Conn.

[These are very fair questions, and we wish to answer them in the same spirit of candor in which they are asked. It is true that the great business houses are increasingly suspicious of the man who drinks, that the drinking man is likely to prove an unsafe workman, and that the use of alcoholic drinks as they are used in America to-day is accompanied with serious peril. It is not true that alcoholic liquors are "uniformly disintegrating and destructive of human tissue." On the contray, while a small number of scientists regard alcohol as always and everywhere a poison, the weight of scientific authority is that it is sometimes a food and often a useful adjunct to food in promoting digestion. Its use between meals and taken upon an empty stomach is, we believe, by all scientific authorities condemned, except in special cases where it is taken for immediate medicinal effect. Whether its temperate use in connection with meals is sufficiently advantageous to counterbalance the perils is a question of moral expediency rather than of physiological science, and it is one on which the best moral teachers are by no means agreed. It is a question on which a Christian man has not only the right but a duty of exercising his own judgment. If Dr. Shields believed, as we must assume that he did, that a well-conducted inn under

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proper regulations would help rather than hinder the moral life of Princeton students, he had a right and a duty to act upon that judgment. Presbyteries and Synods remote from Princeton had a perfect right to express a different judgment, but they had no right to condemn him, for he was outside their jurisdiction; and certainly not to condemn him without a hearing. The fact that the Presbyterian General Assembly had passed a resolution adverse to license does not affect the case. Such a resolution is only an expression of the opinion of those who vote for it. It is not a law of the Presbyterian Church; for under the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church such a law can be passed only by being submitted to the Presbyteries and receiving their approval. Dr. Shields was practically tried, convicted, and punished—for to a man of his sensitive nature the treatment to which he was subjected was punishment—without law, without trial, and without hearing in his own defense. It is against that treatment that The Outlook protested and does protest.—THE EDITORS.]

Blacklisting

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your issue of December 11 reports the righteous judgment rendered in Chicago in the action brought against the Northwestern Railroad for blacklisting one F. R. Ketcham. In your editorial on the case you remark that you believe this to be the first one of the kind. Such, however, is not the fact. I quote from the Bulletin of the Department of Labor for May, 1896: "Blacklisting.—In the United States Circuit Court, Southern District of Florida, on January 21, 1896, in the case of W. E. Willett vs. Jacksonville, St. John's, and Indian River Railroad Company, a jury awarded Willett the sum of $1,700 as damages against the railroad company for blacklisting him, which amount, together with the costs of the case, the company paid. . . . So far as the Department of Labor is advised, this is the first case of the kind ever tried in the United States in which an award of damages has been made and paid for blacklisting."

Willett's case is less interesting than Ketcham's, in that no attempt was made to prove a *system* of blacklisting. The action was based on a letter written by the superintendent of the defendant company, whose employ Willett had left, to the superintendent of another road which had subsequently hired him, in consequence of which he was discharged by the latter company. But the cases are the same in principle, and both were brought at common law, not under statute.

W. T. M.

New York.

Notes and Queries

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address.*

Kindly put me right on the following points: 1. What is the difference, if any, between the doctrine of the Divinity and the Deity of Christ? 2. Dr. Berry says that Mr. Beecher "put before the Church the doctrine of the Deity of Jesus Christ." I have read many sermons by Mr. Beecher, but have never gathered from them that he held that Jesus Christ was God. Is Dr. Berry not mistaken at this point? 3. Is the doctrine of the Deity of Jesus held by such men as Drs. Gordon, Gladden, Abbott, and George Adam Smith? N. S. B.

The distinction you mention can be made only by one who holds the doctrine of the "Two Natures," according to which God is of one nature, man of another, and the two are blended in Christ alone, so that only to him can deity be ascribed; while divinity, or godlikeness in varying degrees, may be ascribed to other men on the ground of some exalted quality. On the other hand, the now widely gaining belief that the divine and human natures are in their moral essence one and identical requires the recognition of a spark of deity in every man, as Faber's hymn says:

We share in what is Infinite, 'tis ours.

So in St. Paul's words, "In him [Christ] dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily," we emphasize the *fullness*. The Godhead is in humanity: the fullness of it, so far as a truly human life can embody it, is in Christ. Mr. Beecher's expressions may be variously understood, but we do not think he would have dissented from this statement, or that any of those you name would disavow it; while Dr. Gordon, in "The Christ of To-Day," goes further and maintains, somewhat mystically, that "there is a deeper origin in God for him [Christ] than for the rest of mankind."

I hope to spend February, March, and April in Italy, and possibly southern France later. During the intervening weeks I want to prepare to enjoy the privilege by reading and study. 1. Will you advise me what books to read in order to gain as comprehensive knowledge as one may in that short time? I have Lanciani's "Ancient

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Rome in the Light of Recent Excavations," Forbes's book on Rome, and I have read Story's "Roba di Roma," also "Marble Faun," etc. 2. I should like some brief treatise on the Roman Church and its *ritual*, aside from its political history. ITALIENNE.

1. The following books will be of use:

Baedeker's Handbooks.
Creighton (M.), "A Primer History of Rome."
Hunt (W.), "A History of Italy."
Symonds (J. A.), "A History of the Italian Renaissance" (abridged edition).
Hare (A. J. C.), "Walks in Rome," "Days near Rome," "Cities of Italy."
Oliphant (Mrs.), "The Makers of Florence," "The Makers of Venice."
Berenson (Bernhard), "The Painters of Florence," "The Painters of Venice," "The Central Italian Painters."
Jameson (Mrs.), "History of Our Lord," "Legends of the Madonna."
Hawthorne (Nathaniel), "Italian Note-Books."
Eliot (George), "Romola."
Manzoni (Alessandro), "The Affianced."
Crawford (F. M.), "A Roman Singer" and the "Saracinesca" series.
Lentheric (C.), "The Riviera."
Ruffini, "Doctor Antonio."
Author of "Vera," "The Maritime Alps."

Longer lists than the above have already appeared in The Outlook of October 20, 1894, and September 28, 1895.

2. O'Brien (J.), "History of the Mass."

You informed "A Subscriber," November 20, that an edition of the Revised Version of the New Testament, with the renderings preferred by the American Committee put into the text, would be issued in 1899. Allow me to say that soon after the appearance of the Revised Version, in 1881, the American Baptist Publication Society employed Dr. H. G. Weston, of Crozer Theological Seminary, to prepare an edition with the American renderings inserted in the text, relegating those preferred by the English Committee to the Appendix. I have used that version ever since its publication. It can be obtained at any of the Society's stores for thirty cents. They publish also, at the same price, an "Improved Version" of the Translation made by Dr. T. J. Conant for the American Bible Union. The revision of this was made, a few years ago, by a committee consisting of Drs. A. Hovey, H. G. Weston, and A. Broadus. I have used it for two years, and find it the *best* of our English translations. Let me add that to the Baptists belongs the honor of leading the Church in the work of modern translation of the Sacred Scriptures. SCRIBE.

The above is not quite correct. The Baptist edition does not accept *all* the revised renderings. We did not say that the work coming out in 1899 is the New Testament. It is the entire Bible. We add that rivalry for the honor of leadership in improving the translation will yield the highest satisfaction when it becomes rivalry for leadership in adopting the improvement when made.

Please explain the meaning of 1 Peter iv., 6 (part of the "International Sunday-School Lesson" of November 28), also 1 Peter iii., 18–20. B. R. H.

The statement in iv., 6, refers to that in iii., 18–20, and describes the same thing, which in the writer's mind was Gospel preaching by Christ after his death to sinners in the world of spirits, especially to those regarded as chief sinners, such as they who perished in the Flood. Various attempts have been made to explain it otherwise, but a distinguished professor of Greek has told us that this is the natural and unforced meaning of the text.

The date of the first camp-meeting in America, inquired for with other details some time ago by a Western correspondent whose other inquiries were answered at the time by letter, is given in Dr. Bacon's recent "History of American Christianity" as in July, 1800, in Logan County, Kentucky.

"R. J.," London.—Until you send your full address we cannot communicate suitably with you.

In reply to "A. L. D.:" The lines in question were the product of the pen of Richard Watson Gilder. The McCulloch Club, of Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, was organized through the Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, the minister in 1896, with its motto, "To make better citizens and nobler men, to extinguish ignorance, disorder, and crime in the wisdom that comes of knowledge and an enlightened conscience." Mr. Gilder has been pleased from the start to manifest a real interest in the club, which numbers about sixty young men. He was asked to write a few lines appropriate to the first anniversary. He responded with the lines quoted by your correspondent. It is a complete poem, and is entitled "The Heroic Age." E. D. C.

About People

—Captain the Hon. Maurice Gifford, General Manager of the Bechuanaland Exploration Company, who lost his arm as a result of a wound received during the Matabele War, has just been married. Among his gifts to his bride was the bullet which cost him an arm. The bullet was set in Matabele gold.

—At a recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Dairy Department of a London exhibition the Princess remarked to the manager of the department, "I have always heard that the best butter in England comes from Denmark. Is that true?" The manager hesitated a moment, and then said;

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"No, your Royal Highness; Denmark sends us the best Princesses, but Devonshire the best butter."

—Sir George Stewart White, who has succeeded Sir Evelyn Wood as Quartermaster-General of the British Army, has been since 1892 Commander-in-Chief in India. He served during the Indian Mutiny, and also in Afghanistan in 1879–80, in Egypt in 1885, and from 1886 to 1889 he commanded the forces in Burmah. During the next three years he commanded a first-class district in India.

—When Wilberforce became rector of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, says the New York "Tribune," he was waited on by an old farmer, whose one desire in life was to rent the glebe land. "Why?" asked Wilberforce. "Well," said the old fellow, with a look of business shrewdness, "when t'other parson was here, he used to farm it hisself, and, there being so little of it, he always got in his hay before anybody else. Then he clapped on the prayer for rain."

—"Justin Winsor," says the Boston "Transcript," "was a ripe and good scholar, and no pedant. He realized fully that the end and aim of scholarship should be to diffuse knowledge, and in all his deep delving into the dusty regions of American annals he kept this in view. As a librarian he had no morbid fear of popularizing the library. He believed in giving people what they wanted to read so long as they wanted to read that which was not morally unwholesome. Reading for amusement seemed to him, scholar as he was, a good employment for a man's time. At Harvard he was perhaps more peculiarly in his own favorite atmosphere, but in both places he was a librarian who knew not only books, but men."

—Some time ago a Cornell student went to see the late Henry W. Sage to get some facts for an article to be written for a New York newspaper. After Mr. Sage had given the desired information, he said: "Young man, what are you going to do when you leave here?" "Probably go into newspaper work. That is one reason why I came to you to-day. I wanted to get some experience in newspaper writing, so that I need not begin life on $7 a week, or something like that." Mr. Sage jumped from the chair. "Young man, you begin work on $7 a week. Begin on $5, begin on $3, or $2; on anything. That's the way I did, and you'll never amount to anything unless you take what you can get and make the most of it."

Bits of Fun

"What do you consider the most astonishing event in a man's life?" "His discovery that his children are old enough to think for themselves."—*Chicago Record.*

Friend—Poetry is a drug on the market, isn't it? Poet—I should say not! Friend—Then I am misinformed. Poet—Your informant probably never tried to sell poetry or buy drugs.—*Chicago News.*

What He was Alarmed About.—"Do I not detect a trace of brandy in this mince pie, madam?" asked the tramp at the door. "Yes, my good man, you do," replied the good woman; "but don't be alarmed; there's not enough to intoxicate you." "That's what I am alarmed about, madam."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Dr. Hamlick, of Vienna, tells of having asked Schumann how he got on with Wagner. "Not at all," he replied; "he talks at such a rate I can't get a word in edgeways." Shortly after this Dr. Hamlick met Wagner and put a similar question to him about Schumann. "I can't get on with him at all," replied Wagner; "he just looks at me with a vacant stare, and never says a word."—*Exchange.*

A young man in the Treasury Department, who took an examination recently for promotion, ran up against a curious question, but he was equal to the occasion, and his ready reply will doubtless stand him in good stead when his average is made up. The question asked was this: "How long do you expect to remain in the civil service?" "Until death do us part," was the reply, unhesitatingly written down.—*Philadelphia Press.*

They are telling an amusing story of a lady who visited Marshall Johnson's studio to see a picture of the frigate Constitution which she understood he had painted. When the painting was shown her, the visitor looked quite disappointed. Said she: "Oh, dear! It's a real nice picture, but not a bit like the Constitution. The Constitution didn't have any masts and sails, and all those ropes and things. All it had on top was a big wooden roof. I know, because I saw it myself."—*Boston Transcript.*

When Andrew D. White, now the United States Ambassador at Berlin, was our Minister to Germany, nearly twenty years ago, he received some queer letters from Americans, asking for his influence in their behalf in court circles. Perhaps the funniest of all was a very mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the West, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square. "We are going to have a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince, and Bismarck; and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."—*Youth's Companion.*

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For the Little People

Santa Claus

By Herbert Randall

I know just the funniest, jolliest man,
Who lives in a fairy domain,
Far off in the depths of a wonderland wood,
With the icicles, hail, and the rain.

His hair and his whiskers are frowsled and long;
Forget-me-not blue are his eyes;
They tenderly beam with the love of his heart,
And they always are watching the skies.

And just about Christmas-time, people have said,
He takes down his fiddle and bow,
And through the dark nights he will play funny tunes,
And whistle and whistle for snow.

Then, when the bare branches are frosty and white,
He hitches up Dixie and Dan,
And high over hill-tops and fences and walls
He flies with this magical span.

And all through the night, by the light of the moon,
He searches for trinkets and toys,
And gimcracks and dollies for good little girls,
And trumpets and drums for the boys.

Then the night before Christmas he loads up his sleigh,
And puts on his slippers of down,
His specs and his wrap, and a comical cap,
And over the roofs of the town,

While children are sleeping all snug in their beds,
This little mysterious man,
With prancing and dancing and jingle of bells,
Goes dashing with Dixie and Dan;

And down every chimney he goes with a pack,
As slyly and still as a mink,
And each little stocking he fills up with toys,
Then scoots out as quick as a wink.

And now you will know him—that funny old man—
The man with forget-me-not eyes;
And I rather think, by some things that I know,
That to-day he is watching the skies.

And when the bright moonlight steals into my room,
Or I hear the cold, stormy wind blow,
I think the old man may be looking for toys,
Or perhaps he is whistling for snow.

Jay's Substitute

By Mary Allaire

"What is her name?" asked Jessie.

"Jay," was the answer.

"That is what papa calls me sometimes," commented Jessie, with delight. "How queer!" she continued; "just my size and my age, and the name papa calls me when he is in fun." Jessie was in her aunt's room. A piece of plaid silk was on the sofa, and patterns were scattered about.

"I'm sure she will like that dress," said Jessie. "I think it's beautiful." If Jessie had been watching her aunt, she would have been greatly puzzled by her expression. She was amused and pleased.

"How would you like it made if it were yours?" asked her aunt.

"I would have little ruffles, and—and—" Jessie and her aunt were soon deep in a discussion of plans for the new dress.

Jessie was greatly interested the day before when her aunt told her of a little girl, in the South for some weeks, who was to have as one of her Christmas presents a plaid silk dress. Jessie was told that the dress could be made before Christmas if she would give the time to have it fitted to her, for the little girl was just her size.

Jessie was delighted. It never occurred to her to ask why the little girl's dress was to be made up North, or how it was that it was given to her aunt to make. Perhaps the many plans Jessie made for her own Christmas gifts, and the necessity of making the plans and buying her gifts three weeks before Christmas, kept her mind so occupied; and the plan of going South with her father, to be away until the day before Christmas, may have had something to do with her forgetfulness. She stood and was fitted for the little strange girl.

Before the dress was finished Jessie and her father started South.

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They stopped at Washington, and saw the White House, where the President lives, and Jessie shook hands with him. She saw the Senators and the Representatives at the capital, and began to feel quite like a big girl. What she liked best of all in the South was the woods. In the woods in the far South Jessie rode with her father, sitting in front of him on his saddle, the gray moss hanging from the trees often sweeping off her hat. She forgot the North, she loved the woods so much, and the life with her father. Jessie saw roses blooming out-of-doors, and the ladies and children walking about in thin dresses. It was impossible to think of this as Christmas-time.

"Why, papa, it seems like a dream that we are going to have Christmas-time!" she said one day to her father.

"It is the kind of Christmas the Baby who gave us Christmas knew," he replied. "Don't you remember, he was born in a stable, and the shepherds were watching their flocks on the far-away hillsides, when they saw his star. It could not have been a land of ice and snow and bitter cold. Do you not remember that while the wonderful Baby was still very young, his father and mother had to journey with him into a far country, and if it had been a land of snow and ice how terrible it would have been for his beautiful mother and for him! That little Baby had a great mission, a great work to do, and he must live to do it. He must be strong in body to do the greatest work man ever did."

Jessie was very still. Why, yes! It was the birthday of a Baby who grew to be a man. He must have played, as her cousin Harry, that lovely, dimpled baby, played; he, the wonderful Christ, cooed in his mother's arms. Then he walked, and then he must have played with other boys and girls. He lived in a land where the people lived out-of-doors, among a religious people, who were reminded constantly of God. Jessie's eyes grew darker and rounder as she thought of the story of Christ, as her grandfather had told it to her in the evening, before the lamps were lighted.

"But," thought Jessie, "grandpa never told me about His being a boy except in the temple. I'm sure he was gentle, and yet he must have been strong—not gentle because he was not strong. He would not let a big boy like Tommy Agnew hit a little boy and take his things; he would not let a boy tease me."

A great wave of love was born in Jessie's heart for the Boy Christ, that day riding through the Southern woods. Her father seemed to know of what she was thinking as he stooped down and kissed her on the cheek.

The next day Jessie and her father took the train for the north, reaching Jessie's home on Christmas Eve. That night Jessie's papa told her that her Santa Claus would not be ready for her until eleven o'clock Christmas morning. She must stay out of her room until that time. Jessie sat on the floor of the parlor after breakfast the next morning. Again she thought of the Baby Christ, the Boy Christ, and the Man Christ. "Did the people know him?" she thought. Then she remembered the many times when even his own particular friends did not know him. Her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly she thought: "Oh! how the people must have felt who did not know him when he was on earth with them, when they did not believe he was God's Son!" Then Jessie remembered what her grandfather had said to her just a little while before: "Be friendly to every one, lest you neglect one who should be honored as a child of God." Jessie's heart and eyes glowed as she prayed in her heart, "God make me polite and kind, and helpful to every one. Amen."

The bells rang and rang the signal that her Santa Claus was ready for her. Jessie flew upstairs. The room was darkened and the tree lighted. It was beautiful. But Jessie started. Yes, it was—it was that very dress! "Why! why!" She looked from her papa to her aunt. "The little girl's dress?" "Is yours," said her aunt. "Did I not tell you she was just your size, and that she was in the South?" Jessie nodded. It seemed impossible to keep back the tears. The little girl named "Jay" had seemed so real to Jessie, and she had been so delighted at the thought of her pleasure, that to find the dress was her own was a disappointment. Whenever Jessie wore that dress she felt that it belonged to another little girl; that she had no right to it.

That night Jessie sat in her father's lap. "Papa," she said softly, "I do not believe I ever understood Christmas before; it has always seemed to me just a time for giving things to each other. Now I think I know why we give. It is because God gave that Baby, is it not?" Her papa nodded.

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The Home Club

Weekly Expenditures

The Outlook asked for communications from practical housekeepers on the cost of living per capita per week, and urged that something should be said about the cost of meats, flour, eggs, and vegetables. Several replies have come in. Creamery butter is quoted all the way from fifteen to thirty cents per pound; flour is quoted up to $10 a barrel; sweet potatoes are quoted in one letter as selling at $1.75 a barrel; apples are quoted in one letter at $3 per barrel; in the last year they have, in some sections of the country, been $6 a barrel. These communications show how utterly impossible it is to put down an absolute statement as to the cost per week for the support of one person or a family, that would be of equal value in all parts of the country. Comparatively few women keep itemized accounts of their household expenditures for a year, so that the average can rarely be secured. One correspondent believes that the leak in many households is caused by buying too abundantly, and doubtless this is true. The American people would seem, if we watch their habit in buying foods, to buy in too large quantities; food is left, and yet the art of using left-over foods so that they are as attractive and appetizing as when first cooked has not been mastered in this country, except by the very few. One correspondent states that the housekeeper should be as accurate in the management of her household accounts as her husband is in his business, and every woman who considers her household affairs will agree with her; but it is always a most difficult thing to do, as any woman knows who has tried it. If foods can be purchased in large quantities, it becomes more feasible than where lack of storage-room requires the food to be bought in small quantities; in the latter case the number of items to be recorded each day involves the expenditure of time and labor that the women living on small incomes can use to better advantage for their families. A successful business man—a man who made a large fortune himself—once said to two or three women that he considered the keeping of itemized accounts of household expenses one of the greatest pieces of folly of which women were guilty, and one of the strongest evidences of distorted consciences in American women. His theory was that every housekeeper should, of course, pay her bills at once, and not run accounts anywhere; that she should decide how much money she could afford to spend each week on her table, put that amount in her purse in a separate compartment each week, and be careful that she did not exceed it; that the amount left over should be deposited in a separate box from which to draw to meet in weeks when an extra amount of groceries was purchased, or extra expenditures were necessary. A very successful housekeeper manages her affairs on this principle, even keeping a bank in which she deposits the cost of each jar of preserves or glass of jelly as used. Year after year she turns over this fruit fund, without drawing on her weekly appropriation. In the same way she has made a careful estimate of the amount of coal that she uses per week, and at the end of each week she deposits in her coal cash-box that amount of money, turning her coal fund over year after year, and, as she says, saving herself from the gray hairs which doubtless would have accumulated had she each year had to meet these extra expenses when funds were low. She treats a part of her income as capital, and reinvests it each year.

Domestic Science in the Schools

The Director of the Domestic Science Department of the Teachers' College, Miss Helen Kinne, in a recent address before the Household Economic Association on "The Introduction of Domestic Science in the Schools," rather startled her audience by the statement that the physical condition of the children in the schools was poor, and asked the question, Are the mothers to blame? This depleted physical condition, the speaker maintained, was not peculiar to the children of the poor, but was found quite as generally among the children of the better classes. Her point of observation was among that class of the community recognized as the middle class. She said that the children of this class were either too fat or too thin; they gave evidence of nervous trouble; few had healthful complexions, and still fewer carried themselves in a way that indicated physical power. Miss Kinne says that the physical development of our people has not kept pace with the

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material development. The introduction of the study of domestic science into the common schools will certainly equip the next generation with a larger knowledge of the relations between food and health, between cleanliness and health, between exercise and health. The introduction of the study of domestic science into the common schools will come when mothers and fathers demand it, when its value is recognized, not before. Miss Kinne repeated the charge, which has never been successfully denied, that women, in the management of their domestic affairs, have not kept pace with men in their management of business affairs. That science has relieved women of many burdens carried by their ancestors in the field of home-making we know, and yet women have not availed themselves of this field of knowledge by applying what might be called its higher knowledge to the science of home-making. What girls should be taught, what women should know, is the principle of cooking, and not mere recipes; the science of cleanliness, and not merely how to scrub and sweep. It was quite interesting the other day, in a mixed class where a lesson in science was given, and some fine specimens of stones were placed on the desks in front of the pupils, to have the teacher bring out the difference between marble and chalk—how one could be dissolved and the other not. She then asked the question, What can be done to marble? and finally brought out the answer from one, evidently the remembrance of a preceding lesson, that if a lemon were cut and placed on marble it would eat into it. The teacher then spoke of the possibility of marble becoming stained, and one realized how little more time it would have taken to tell how such stains could be removed from marble; and yet that little step in domestic science was not taken. It was a nature lesson. The proper nourishment of the body will never command its proper place of importance in the minds of intelligent women until sickness is recognized as a sin. When health becomes virtue, and a mother is ashamed of a child who has not developed as he should, we shall give to food and cleanliness their proper place in the moral development of the race.

Suggestions to an Inquirer

In reply to the question of the mother who asked for suggestions for curing her little boy of stuttering, many suggestions have been received, one a quotation from "The Phonetic," which we reprint:

> Acquaint yourself first with the correct principles of respiration, and teach your child the proper manner of breathing. Set aside a portion of each day (not less than an hour, and longer if possible), during which time have him repeat after you committed words and sentences, always being careful to have him talk carefully.

The correspondent who sent this quotation says that out of his own experience he found it a great help to talk very slowly when talking to a child who had the habit of stuttering.

A teacher sends the following letter:

Dear Outlook: An experience which I had two years ago may be helpful to the mother who wishes to help her stuttering boy.

It was in the Southern mountains, and I was often told what a particularly troublesome child Wilbur was. When I met the child I found him a boy of six years, very excitable and uneven in disposition and stuttering very badly. He was with me a good deal, and without any special thought (perhaps from the teaching instinct) I would stop him when he began to stumble in uttering a word, and suggest it to him—"'Coming' is the word you wish to say, isn't it, Wilbur? Well, we say it this way (speaking plainly); now try again." He would try, and actually utter it well on the first trial. In a few days he had improved wonderfully, and I am sure could have been completely cured in time. But there was one very particular point, which I think was the secret. I was absolutely calm and quiet with him. I never knew a child with whom repose of manner was so necessary. The least ruffle, a sign of hurry, especially speaking quickly in his hearing, and he stuttered again. Any impatience toward anything (of course I was never impatient or spoke sharply to him) upset him completely, and his jerky, unpleasant ways came to the surface. When with us, and all was going smoothly, he was an unusually thoughtful, lovable child.

Stuttering is a nervous habit; a lack of control of the organs of speech, I think arising from unbalanced nerves. My own speech is very clear and distinct, but when I am nervously tired (as opposed to physically) I do not utter the sounds of k, g, or th. I can only think and make the sound by concentrated effort which is very fatiguing.

I think if the mother of the little boy mentioned by "L." would create for him an atmosphere entirely free from excitement or mental disturbance, and give him regular daily drill and practice in the use of the vocal organs, such as the simple voice culture taught in the beginning of elocutionary training, and have him stop and correct every imperfectly uttered word, he would be soon cured and greatly benefited morally and physically. It requires very great self-command and patience, but it is worth it. It is hardly necessary to say that no mention of stuttering should be made in his hearing, and no notice apparently taken of the defect, except to help him correct it, which can be done so naturally and easily that he will scarcely notice it.

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